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THE GREAT DINNER given to Owen D. Young in New York on December 11, in recognition of his services in Europe as a member of the Dawes Commission, was a well-merited honor. Giving high praise to General Dawes for his work, which he described as the "selling end" of this business operation as opposed to the "manufacturing" in which he and the others labored, Mr. Young made no extravagant claims for the plan itself. He stated frankly that he took a middle ground as to its merits, between the extreme views in favor of or against the plan. "The members of our committee," he said, "well knew that human minds are too small to comprehend such great forces and to make a plan which, unchanged, would be permanently effective to control them." That is altogether refreshing. *The Nation* has never taken the view that the plan reduced the German people to slavery, but it has feared that it put undue burdens upon them. Mr. Young would probably be the first to admit that the plan is very much of a compromise. But it has started things going in Europe, averted bankruptcy and social disintegration, removed much ill-will, ended the Franco-German deadlock, and done away (for the time, at least) with the threat of European war. We are profoundly indebted to Mr. Young for making it clear that the Dawes Plan cannot endure unchanged. That merely adds to the debt which not only America but the world owes him. In saying that, we do not abate a jot of our belief that the worst feature of the Dawes Plan is that it gives American financiers a domination over Europe which may have the most serious consequences.

SO THE SENATE has voted the House bill appropriating $110,000,000 for the "modernization" of the navy. Congress might better throw this vast sum into the Atlantic Ocean. There it would create no ill-will, while doing the country as much good as will its expenditure on the fleet. The bill now goes to Mr. Coolidge for his signature, and we have no doubt that he will sign it. Did he not say that he was for an adequate army and navy, although warning the country against listening to stories that other countries were arming against us? Our jingoes have not listened to his admonitions. Mr. William B. Shearer, our latest "naval expert," has solemnly and publicly warned the inimitable Solomon Stanwood Menken and his National Security League that Japan is preparing for war with us; the Navy League has impugned the truthfulness of a statement issued by the Japanese Navy Department; and the fleet maneuvers in Hawaii are not to be stopped although Japan is the theoretic "enemy" against whom we are to maneuver. On top of this comes this criminally wasteful and dangerous expenditure of $110,000,000 more on the navy. This will have its prompt echo in England and Japan, our only possible antagonists on the sea. If we do not have war with Japan within the next five years it will not be the fault of the preparedness advocates. They, by the way, are very indignant when peace-lovers refuse to follow the wishes of authority; they now reserve to themselves the right to flout the admonitions of the President to desist from war-creating propaganda. Loyalty to officialdom is, in their view, the duty of the other fellow.

TREASON IS SPREADING so rapidly in our army and navy that we heartily wish our navy and security leagues would devote themselves to ferreting it out, leaving the condition of the navy alone—no two experts have ever yet agreed on that. Here is General Robert Lee Bullard, one of our three commanders of armies in France, quoted as saying that one German soldier equaled three Allied. That is going too far. Coming as it does on top of the clean bill of health which Admiral Sims gave the German submarine officers, we must ask where this will stop. What is to become of our cherished belief that the cowardly German had to be driven to the front and chained to his machine-guns, and that any American sergeant could kill twenty squareheads single-handed? Perish the thought! Keep all the old fictions alive, or there may come a disposition to query the war itself, its origin, its honesty, the relative moral positions of the adversaries, the worthwhileness of its outcome. The old tone rings in the dispatches now coming out of Spain charging the Moroccans with mutilating the bodies of the Spanish prisoners and Spanish dead, with subjecting their captors to torture, with chaining them

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to stakes, blinding them by confinement in dungeons and starving them to death, etc., etc. That has the familiar ring of world-war days; that is the patriotic way to talk of one's enemies and to keep alive the fighting qualities. Let us have lies and then again lies, for henchmen of the war-god can carry on in no other way.

MR. MELLON COMES back to his muttons in his annual report: that is, the reduction of the income taxes, especially the surtaxes of the very rich, of whom he is one of the richest. Naturally he rejoices in the defeat of the La Follette forces, since they were particularly opposed to his policies and attacked him personally with a great deal of heat. Now Mr. Mellon still wants to reduce the inheritance taxes and to abolish the gift tax which has only just been passed. With some reason he declares it to be unworkable. With his reasoning that it "handicaps business" we cannot at all agree. The one object and purpose of Mr. Mellon's official existence is to "free" business. He is opposed to income-tax publicity because he thinks it hurts business, and to tax-exempt securities because they keep money out of business. He wants income-tax rates down because—according to Mr. Mellon—they hamper business, and when the facts go dead against him he is just a little more eager than ever to cut the rates. We wonder if he is able to sleep at all when he thinks of the perils that menace business. But we cheerfully admit that when he lies awake nights he can take solid satisfaction in the excellent work the Treasury has done under him in refunding our obligations, in helping to reduce expenses, and generally to put our public finances in order.

HULLABALOOING ABOUT THE INTER-ALLIED debts bids fair to become as popular a political pastime in Great Britain as it has long been in the United States. Winston Churchill is now making loud noises about the impropriety of letting any of England's debtors off. *The Nation* knows no good reason why France should pay her debt to the United States any sooner than she pays her prior debt to Great Britain, and if our Mr. Mellon were getting away with any such magic it might be well for England's Mr. Churchill to stop it. Mr. Churchill, however, is not content to demand that France pay England as soon as she pays us. He wants her to pay everybody, in particular to pay England as well as England is paying us. But political speeches do not produce money where money does not exist, and some of Winston Churchill's speeches seem more likely to dry up the sources than to increase them. An intelligent creditor naturally adjusts terms of payment in accordance with the conditions of his bankrupt debtor, and it does not help much if sound debtors cry out that they were not treated so considerately. Mr. Churchill believes that France should not get better terms than England did. In fact, she will—because she is less able to pay. If he objects to France paying on terms which might be possible, the result will probably be to stop France paying anything at all—either to the United States or to Great Britain.

THAT ZINOVIEV LETTER refuses to stay out of the news. England's Tory Government says its members have no doubt of its authenticity, but they refuse to explain the reasons for their faith. This is the famous letter, alleged to have been signed by Zinoviev, the president of the Third Internationale, and Arthur McManus, leader of the British Communists, last October, virtually appealing for armed revolution. Four days before the election it was printed in the English newspapers and it undoubtedly cost the Labor Party hundreds of thousands of votes. Ramsay MacDonald, away from London campaigning, at first accepted the word of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office that it was genuine; he now doubts it. The Tory *Daily Mail*, it appears, had the letter before the Government, and the British Government has admitted that it has never had in its possession, or even seen, the original of the letter. All it has ever had is an alleged photostat copy, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain has hinted in the House of Commons that he doubted the authenticity of McManus's signature. Both McManus and Zinoviev have denounced it as a forgery. The Soviet Government has suggested reference of the question of its authenticity to neutral experts. Mr. Chamberlain replies that his mind is made up and he will do nothing more. That leaves the British Government in as cowardly a position as the French Government was in when the Dreyfus case began.

THERE IS A NEW MAGAZINE for people to buy before they board the train. But its contents will never be new. Doubtless many a commuter will glance at a cover of the *Golden Book* and, seeing in the usual fashion there the names of a dozen or so star contributors, never realize that most of these stars have gone out—that the contributions come mainly from the grave. The first number of the *Golden Book*, just published, contains serials by Stevenson, Gaboriau, and Maupassant; short stories by Tolstoi, O. Henry, Kipling, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and H. C. Bunner; a play by Anatole France; an essay by Montaigne; travel sketches by Sir Richard Burton and Sir Harry Johnston; and poems by Burns, Villon, William Dunbar, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Dickinson. It is to be hoped that the commuter will read on. For he will make the acquaintance of Mark Twain's jumping frog, of Anatole France's man who married a dumb wife, of Bunner's Hector, and of Gaboriau's Lecoq, to mention no more. The experiment is a bold one, the outcome of which will be awaited with some eagerness by those who have always suspected that tons of older literature went unread because unseen. The place for a classic may be in a bound book; yet numerous unprofessional readers do not know how or where to buy books, and even professional readers have to admit sometimes that they have no text of "The Notorious Jumping Frog"—for instance—about them. The editors of the *Golden Book* are particularly to be envied, however. All of their contributions will be worth reading; there will be no painful letters to write, and no rejection slips.

EVEN THOUGH WE have not yet been included among the 500 members of the Monday Opera Club, or even among its 2,500 invited guests, we have our opinions. Alexandra Feodorovna is a grand duchess and the sister of a queen and the wife of a pretender, and she doubtless exudes the dignity and good breeding which New York society intends to import from Europe. For aught we care she may rejoice in all the presidential suites and special trains that society ladies wish to engage for her. All we object to is the philosophy lurking behind this expensive importation.

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The committee of the Monday Opera Club has this to say: If dignity and good breeding are not restored "there will be a social revolution here like the French Revolution." So the grand duchess was invited to come to America. Now there are two things at least which help revolutions along: the flaunting of social differences by pretentiousness and pomp and the intriguing of discredited royalist émigrés. The husband of this grand duchess thinks he is the Czar of Russia, and since Russia inconveniently thinks otherwise he has set up a little private Russian court in Coburg. But even Bavaria doubts if the Grand Duke Cyril's court should be maintained in a country at friendly peace with Russia and may ask him to move to more monarchical shores—perhaps the United States. At a New York reception to the grand duchess the other day Russian royalists knelt at her feet and Boris Brasol hailed her as the Czarina. If we were worried lest a French or a Russian revolution were lurking under the plush sofas of New York society, we would not seek to avert it by hiring an unemployed Russian grand duchess.

HAS THE PRACTICAL JOKE passed from the American scene? Regretfully we answer: Almost. In rural regions this peculiarly national type of humor still survives, at least in such parts of the country as have not been too much disturbed by progress. But in our cities public opinion and the police have pretty nearly done it to death. New York City has just lost its last notable practical joker at the age of seventy-five, and we do not look to see him replaced. Some of the pranks of Brian G. Hughes were simple horse-play, as when he put up signs on his land: "Not for Sale, B. G. Hughes, America," or when he set all Asbury Park to digging in the sand by pretending to have found $50,000. At other times he came close to satire, as when he "dolled up" an alley cat purchased for ten cents, hired a uniformed valet to attend it, and won a blue ribbon at a cat show. Later he just missed doing as well with a worn-out street-car nag which he entered in the horse show. The practical joke is part of the individualistic and pioneer America which is almost gone. It belongs to an era when our humor was amateur—when everyone rolled his own or his neighbor beat him to it. It dies of loneliness or fright as our fun-making and humor are professionalized and syndicated.

WHEN A WOMAN decides to keep her name after marriage she is frequently criticized for making so much ado about nothing; but when she seeks later to obtain a passport under her own name, or open an account in a conservative bank, or draw her pay from a government job, her name suddenly becomes of the utmost importance to all the authorities; the State Department refuses her a passport, the president of the bank will not honor her signature, the government department will not make out a check to so misguided and miscalled a female. Precedent has been upset, however, in the case of Miss Helena Normanton, English barrister, who was admitted as a member of the Middle Temple in 1919, a few hours after the enactment of the Sex Disqualification Removal Act. She was married in 1921 and continued to practice under her own name; but when, a year later, she was called to the bar, bitter opposition arose among serious legal authorities. The Joint Council of the Four Inns of Court solemnly sat upon the question for eight months or so and finally decided that Miss Normanton had a right to use her own name if she chose. Last September she applied, under her hard-won name, to the British Foreign Office for a passport. It was refused on grounds of public policy. She submitted a brief citing the arguments and precedents that had convinced the jurists of the Inns of Court. The Foreign Office considered the evidence and granted the passport. This will not, of course, alter the attitude of the American State Department which has refused passports in like cases, apparently for reasons of tender sentiment without reference to any law. But American precedent has been broken none the less, for the American consul in London has given Miss Normanton a visa and thus has planted the seal of the State Department of the United States on an unsanctified and improper "maiden" name.

CHARLES PATRICK SWEENEY, cut down in his early thirties, had all the Irishman's love of a good time, zest for a fight, and capacity for spending himself without measure in a cause in which his heart was enlisted. His sense of humor never left him, nor his good-fellowship; as a journalist or propagandist he could attack and attack hard and yet love, and be loved by, his opponents. He had many adversaries but few enemies. When this country entered the World War Mr. Sweeney left the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and was attached first to the Committee on Public Information and then to the War Labor Board. Later he investigated working-class education in Europe for the Department of Labor. Upon his return to the United States he did publicity work for the Irish Republic and Farmer-Labor Party, and put before the country the report of twelve distinguished lawyers condemning Attorney General Palmer's illegal drive against radicals; in 1921 he went to the New York *World*, where he did notable work in the exposure of the Ku Klux Klan. "Charley" Sweeney was a frequent and valued contributor to the columns of *The Nation*, and in his death the liberal cause loses a valiant and lovable champion.

MUSSOLINI AND KING GEORGE have this in common: they both collect stamps. King George is known to have one of the finest stamp collections in the world, and Mussolini must be a philatelist, else why should he have made his name so beloved to the stamp fanatic? When Italian troops landed in Corfu Mussolini rushed to order new postage stamps. The fact that his troops were out of Corfu before the stamps were off the printing-presses did not disturb him; collectors bought the stamps just as eagerly. Now he has a new trick. Instead of advertising military training camps in the cancelations, as is the wont of the peace-loving American post-office department, Mussolini has cannily enlarged the size of his stamps and taken to selling advertising space on them. The Italian fifty-centesimi stamps now cross the water with all sorts of gay additions to the sober face of Victor Emmanuel. "Un grafono Columbia con una lira al giorno—cataloghi gratis," say some of them in easily translatable Italian; and another advertises a white-goods sale in Rome. If only King George had equal dictatorial powers what a boon he might be to his subjects—they must grow weary of his somber Windsor visage repeated eternally on stamps of every denomination.

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Gompers—The End of an Era

SAMUEL GOMPERS was sufficiently great to encompass and express an era in American labor. For over forty years, even toward his end, he voiced the hopes and fears, the reforms and the bigotries of the craft phase of the movement he headed. It is a short view which considers him merely the conservative chieftain of a machine oligarchy; he was a movement embodied in one man. From the mildest to the most rabid dissenter, all knew that he was the head of the organized expression of labor. And they all acted on the slogan, Get Gompers and Labor Is Yours. His personal history is not merely the story of his own successes, but of his opponents' failures. One can get a more significant picture of his rivals—Powderly, Debs, De Leon, and Foster—by learning all about Gompers than by knowing all about them.

Gompers's orthodoxy was distinguished by two main traits, probably reducible to one: his naive self-righteousness and his chronic pugnacity. Intellectually he was but mediocre, a lesser man than Frey or Perkins or others of his associates. When he ventured into philosophical speculations about labor he was sophomoric. The absurd backwardness of his jealous craft separatism, forever entangled in fratricidal "jurisdictional disputes" while industry was rapidly amalgamating, was only too obvious. In fact, his intra-labor tactics, by which he maintained his machine and his power, were always directed against those sufficiently thoughtful to have a philosophy of labor as against his own hand-to-mouth opportunism. He was so much of a realist in his long guerrilla campaign that any "ism" antagonized him. All his life he fought the "intellectuals"—within and without the labor movement. He fought the anarcho-socialists of the last century; then the present socialist movement, as well as all partisans of independent political action by labor, no matter how mild. He fought the I. W .W. and all the rest of the syndicalist schools; finally, of course, he fought the communists. Toward the end of his life this anti-intellectualist complex developed into unreasonable hatred of anyone with a formal training who took an interest in labor otherwise than as "expert" in his hire. There is little doubt that since the war leadership has been passing to the New Unionists, who are accepting the essential structure of capitalist management, and are trying to work within it by developing a sort of trade-union capitalism. But even that proved too much for Gompers, in spite of his belief in the framework of capitalism. And he fought labor's entry into finance, into business and managerial cooperation with capital, almost as bitterly as he fought the Reds. He was born to fight at close quarters—for more wages, fewer hours, better work rules; through the weapon of the strike and the armistice of contract.

Yet for his time and place Gompers was essentially right. The visionaries could not scout and strike effectively in the primitive battles of our industrial frontier. Before the war American labor could not be led by philosopher-kings because its culture was necessarily simple. Gompers was king, but he was no philosopher. He gave the impression of wisdom because he was so uncannily shrewd and so vastly experienced.

As sheer fighter Gompers was unequaled not merely in the history of American labor but in the history of the entire republic. His tactics were perfect. One by one he outwitted opponents, chasing them off the labor field and leaving them stranded in the desert to the Left of the mass movement. True fighter that he was, he never admitted to himself for a moment that he might be wrong. He had the fighter's cold and merciless fury. Yet he had something in him which warned him when his enemies expressed a real, mass disaffection. When the craft movement became almost self-defeatingly "autonomous" and the radicals were howling for amalgamation, Gompers got the progressives to fight, successfully, for the industrial departments in the Federation. When, last summer, the rank-and-file cry for independent political action seemed too insistent, he "non-partisanly" indorsed La Follette. Had La Follette won a strong congressional bloc, Gompers would have won with the winner. When La Follette lost, Gompers hailed a victory for his "nonpartisan policy." He always fought with this Heads-I-Win-Tails-You-Lose shrewdness. Yet he always fought essentially incorruptibly; what Royce called Loyalty to Loyalty Gompers gave to the labor movement as he saw it. Much has been said about his fanatical fire-eating in war time, which seemed to transcend his devotion to labor. This is only half true. There was much craftiness in his frenzy. He felt about trade unionism much as Lincoln felt about the Union. Anything to strengthen it! Whether he actually strengthened it—is another question.

A man of his blind self-righteousness and of such cunning alacrity could not stand the collaboration of strong characters. Unconsciously Gompers always surrounded himself with lesser men. And now that he is no more American labor faces the jealous interregnum of a coterie of feudal chiefs whose master is gone. Were it not for the growing circumstance that our labor movement is becoming too intricately and significantly a part of the national life such a period might prove fatal. But leadership is bound to drift increasingly to such men as Johnston, Hillman, Stone, and other progressives within and without the American Federation of Labor. It takes little boldness to prophesy that the next half century will see all the tendencies against which Gompers fought with his splendid ferocity enacted into some sort of progressive labor philosophy.

No sketch of the dead leader would be complete without mention of his fine human qualities. Some one said that "nothing human is alien to the Jew." This certainly was true of Gompers. To those who worked with him or agreed with him or were in no way entangled in his tactics he was abidingly kind with that courtesy which the Germans so untranslatably call *Herzensbildung*. He really did have the rare magnetism of one who had the genius to synchronize his own personality with the fortunes of a cause.

The obituary notices emphasize his rise from lowly beginnings, his terrible struggle with adversity, his death as a poor man. Of course Gompers was born in the indescribable squalor of Whitechapel and not in fashionable Mayfair. Of course he went to work at the age of ten. Of course he had to work years at his trade as cigarmaker in the daytime in order to support himself as President of the American Federation of Labor at night. Of course Gompers had these tremendous advantages. Else greatness could never have touched him as it did.

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League Ahoy!

ENGLAND has resoundingly slapped the League of Nations in the face and returned to a policy of impenitent imperialism—that is the meaning of the diplomatic antics at Rome. With a "Mind your own business, please," she has turned her back squarely upon policies which Conservative, Liberal, and Labor ministers had developed and maintained.

It was a Conservative Prime Minister who invented the "independent" kingdom of Egypt, and if the world still takes that word "independent" seriously surely no Conservative Englishman should complain. But the present attitude of the British Government, translated into simple English, is this: "We didn't mean it; and if anybody outside of England acts upon the assumption that we did mean seriously what we said two years ago, we'll knock his block off." On the day on which the Sirdar was assassinated England dispatched a note to the Powers warning them that her difficulties with Egypt were a private quarrel within the family, and that good manners required that neighbors should behave as if they did not hear the din. Since then she has gone a step further; the Irish treaty must not be registered with the League, she says, because Ireland is also within the family, and the treaty is not properly to be called international. Just how this can be squared with England's sponsorship of the Free State as an "independent" member of the League is not explained; thus far, apparently, no other member of the League has dared raise the question. We may trust the Irish, however, not to let the issue pass.

Meanwhile the League has received two other blows—the shelving of the so-called protocol, and the failure of the opium conferences. It took all of M. Briand's persuasive powers in the League Council at Rome to induce the British to agree to the diplomatic fiction that the protocol was not being rejected but merely required more prolonged study. Such forms deceive no one; the protocol is dead. That in itself might not be so ill, were it not that with it go the radiant hopes of a new European spirit which seemed so bright in October. The protocol was essentially a program to enforce peace, by military means if necessary; and *The Nation* has never believed that the path to peace is one of military power. The worst aspect of the present position is that the British newspapers contain plain hints that while England will draw back from any international agreement she might contract a special protective bond with France. The black days of secret understandings which brought on the European war are with us again. France and England have already agreed to give each other a free hand in their respective spheres in Africa—a development of the 1904 negotiations by which France dropped out of Egypt in return for a free hand in what has become known as French Morocco. Now France is to have Spanish Morocco, too, and no French voice will protest when England violates her own agreements with Egypt regarding the Sudan.

The opium situation is as discouraging. The American delegates went to the League's Geneva conference with a program of sweeping reforms, and in this program they were in general supported by the Asiatic delegates—the Persian, Turkish, Chinese, and Japanese—but opposed by the British and French, and by the gentlemen with such fine Oriental names as Campbell and Clayton who appeared to "represent" India. As a result of this opposition by the Powers which prate most of the "white man's burden" substantially nothing will be done.

All this leaves the League in a position from which the half-expected announcement that the United States will participate in its Conference on the Control of Traffic in Arms next May will hardly rescue it. It stands flouted by the Great Powers which have, in the main, dominated it, and it has not dared to protest. That, some of its friends will say, is the fault of the United States which has refused to join it. It is rather, we believe, the fault of the construction of the League out of the victors in the Great War. One by one, as they lost their real independence and submitted to Allied control, the lesser "enemy nations" have been admitted. Germany and Soviet Russia remain outside, and Germany's admission is planned only when, under the Dawes Plan, she has lost her freedom of action. A passionate desire for better things has at times animated the sessions of the Assembly of the League, but the Council, still dominated by France and England, has chilled every hope. Something is needed to shock the world out of the well-worn path which it is treading, and the League seems incapable of providing that shock.

As It Will Be Soon

CHARLOTTE, N. C., December 8.—A trust fund totaling $40,000,000 was created here today by James B. Duke, tobacco and power capitalist, with which to finance and maintain a vast educational institution for North Carolina to be known as Duke University. If Trinity College, at Durham, already the beneficiary of the Duke family many times, sees fit to change its name to Duke University, $6,000,000 will be spent in expanding it; otherwise the proposed Duke University will be located elsewhere in the State.

DURHAM, N. C., December 9.—Trinity College will comply with the conditions upon which the donation of James B. Duke to the college is based and the trustees will do all in their power to cooperate with the philanthropist in carrying out his ideas.—Press dispatches.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1930.—William Wrigley, the chewing-gum king, today announced that he had offered $75,000,000 to Northwestern University on condition that it change its name to Wrigley University and that of its medical school to Chicle College.

EVANSTON, December 12, 1930.—The president of Northwestern University today declared that its trustees would undoubtedly change its name as requested by William Wrigley. "The slightest wish of that great and good man who has done so much for the teeth, jaw muscles, and digestion of the American people will be our first consideration," he declared. "The name Chicle College especially appeals to me. I have often thought that our new-fledged doctors pay too little attention to the gastric juices. Thanks to this great philanthropy, Northwestern—I mean Wrigley University—will now outshine any other in the Northwest.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1931.—Not to be outdone by William Wrigley, Harry F. Sinclair today announced that he was donating $80,000,000 par value of Sinclair Oil Company stocks and bonds to the University of Oklahoma upon condition that the city of Norman change its name to Sinclairia and the university to Sinclair. Otherwise Mr. Sinclair will make the same offer to Tulsa and start a new uni-

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versity there. He denied a later report that H. M. Doheny would make half the gift. "I am underwriting this whole deal myself," he said, "and the university will have within it the finest oil laboratory the world has ever seen. The discoveries I confidently expect from that laboratory will enormously increase the oil reserves of the country and the profits of the Sinclair Oil Company. I shall give the name of Albert B. Fall to the laboratory."

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, May 1, 1936.—Henry Ford today announced that he had offered $250,000,000 to Harvard University upon the condition that it establish a laboratory for auto experimentation and change its name to Ford University. "I cannot take it with me," he said, "but I should like to have my name perpetuated after the last flivver has run out of gas. I have chosen Harvard because it shows the world the way to do it by making the business school the most important part of the university."

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, May 7, 1936.—When asked today what Harvard's attitude toward the Ford offer of a quarter of a billion would be, President Lowell said: "I cannot, of course, presume to speak for the overseers or the corporation, but I am sure that Mr. Ford's offer will receive the immediate consideration of our governing bodies. We are very proud of the name of John Harvard; it has been a trade-mark which has served us well. It may be, however, that a compromise can be arrived at so that Harvard College could remain Harvard College within the new and greater Ford University. The medical school could be called Edsall College and the business school be rechristened the Dearborn School of Economics. I am particularly gratified that the greatest of our business men approves of our policy of making the science of business the foremost consideration of our university."

An American "Who Was Who"

THE need for a really competent dictionary of American biography is to be satisfied. The American Council of Learned Societies Devoted to Humanistic Studies appointed a committee two years ago to investigate the possibilities of such a reference-work, and when this committee reported recently upon the cost of the project there was consternation. But funds are forthcoming. The New York *Times*, through its publisher, Adolph S. Ochs, has offered $500,000—a sum sufficient to produce the manuscript of the dictionary if not to print it—and now a special committee of management is considering the appointment of an editor. The staff will reside at Washington, where the Congressional Library offers, of course, the best facilities in the country for investigation, and it is expected that the first volume of the dictionary will be ready in four years. There will be twenty volumes, according to present plans, each containing about 750 pages and the whole presenting biographical information upon approximately 20,000 Americans, none of them living. The articles will be written either by specialists in the various subjects or by persons trained in biography and bibliography, so that a dozen years hence, when the dictionary is expected to be done, American scholars, journalists, and teachers will be in possession of a body of knowledge hitherto without parallel.

The Nation, commenting in 1920 upon the news from England that the "Dictionary of National Biography," recently given over from private hands to the University of Oxford, was in danger of neglect and even death, had occasion to regret the failure of most modern states to assume an interest, either through subsidy or through supervision, in the progress of scholarship. The case of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which ideally should have been from the beginning an enterprise of the British Government, seemed a particularly flagrant one; but it was pointed out that neither in England nor in the United States had adequate attention ever been paid to this kind of thing.

In the present case, although Mr. Ochs and the *Times* are to be congratulated upon their enlightenment and their liberality, it seems regrettable again that the emergency which they met should ever have arisen. The new dictionary will be in every sense a national product; scholars from all sections of the country will be asked to contribute, the work will be directed from Washington when it is not done there, and national ends will be served. What more logical then, than that the government pay the costs? Without Mr. Ochs the book would have been left to chance, and chance has rather a rude way with learning. To be sure the attitude of governments is not too stable a thing, and there might have been the chance that Congress would change its mind about the "Dictionary of American Biography." A few years ago President Harding made the appalling remark that the only act of administrative economy he could think of at the moment was doing away with the Bureau of American Ethnology! But it is unlikely that even a President would dare to hint that the dictionary was becoming too expensive—was costing almost as much as the Mayflower.

The choice of an editor will be no easy task, for he should be a man neither too young to be soundly informed nor too old to need the reputation which the work will give him. Needless to say he should be interested in everything; the council which appoints him represents societies not only of historians and students of literature but of philosophers, scientists, antiquarians, philologists, archaeologists, economists, sociologists, and political scientists. In particular it is to be hoped that he will not be satisfied merely with biographies which can be pieced together from documents already collected and catalogued in libraries. On this basis preachers celebrated in memorial sermons delivered by other preachers and politicians puffed by brother-politicians would get more than their share of space. Business men, about whom it is often difficult to find much satisfactory information after their death, should receive attention proportionate to their really great importance. Explorers, pioneers, and persons of all sorts influential along the various frontiers should be treated as fully and clearly as the materials will permit. The circuit-rider, the vagrant, and even the rogue should appear whenever distinction of some kind has been achieved. Perhaps it is not too fantastic to suggest that certain entirely mythical—yet nevertheless enormously influential—figures ought to be honored with sketches. The precise dates of Paul Bunyan might be hard to discover, but there is no denying that he has had a career; and so have Pecos Bill, and Tony Beaver, and Strap Buckner. The only reason for ruling them out, and on second thought it seems an important one, is that they are still very much alive.

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Carnegie Branch

Radio or Newspaper—Can Both Survive?

By MARC A. ROSE

SIX national elections have come and gone since I joined the guild of those who serve the roaring presses. On six Presidential election nights I have looked out from newspaper office windows upon a sea of faces upturned toward bulletin boards. (To be meticulous, several times the faces were not visible but only the style of haircut of the period, because we were projecting our bulletins upon a screen across the street. That, however, is a detail.)

What I set out to say was that rain, sleet, or moonlight, the crowds were just as dense one year as another—up to 1924. This year, in our town, there was a falling off in numbers and a deterioration in the quality of election-night crowds. Where were the absentees? Why, at home, grouped in front of the loud-speaker. The old family hootodyne that had brought in the sweet unison of Cleveland, the raucous dissonance of Madison Square Garden, the speeches of Bob and John and Cal, wound up the campaign by reporting its results.

It was the first radio campaign. Now that it is over we newspaper makers are trying to figure out what it all meant—to you and to us. Especially to us, since we are humanly selfish.

What will the radio do to the newspaper? Will the radio hurt the sale of newspapers? Will it destroy them by supplanting them? If it does not kill their sales, will it kill their influence? Or can radio be made to help the newspaper?

The Associated Press is exceedingly wary. It is on record through its board of directors as forbidding its members to broadcast, or to supply for broadcasting, any news belonging to the A. P. And note this: News originating in the territory of the member newspaper, and gathered by the newspaper's staff, belongs exclusively to the association.

The attitude of the board of directors, however, does not represent a united body of opinion. Twenty-two newspapers, many of them A. P. members and most of them large, own and operate broadcasting stations. Many others broadcast news through arrangement with stations they do not own. One member of the A. P., the Chicago *Tribune*, openly defied the board of directors, announcing its intention to broadcast election returns and "carry to the highest court" any attempt to discipline it for so doing.

I am not authorized to speak for the Associated Press. I think, however, the sentiment of its directors is no secret. They feel they should be cautious. They frankly do not know in what way, or how greatly, radio may develop. As radio stands today they do not fear it—much. But radio doesn't stand; it leaps forward in its improvement and extension with a speed somewhat comparable to the velocity of the waves it utilizes. Conceivably it may become a rival of the newspaper. Why help it along?

That is a perfectly understandable state of mind. Yet one suspects that if it is possible to develop radio into a great rival of the daily press it will be developed—with or without the newspapers' consent; in which case there is no sense in emulating the worthy King Canute. One had better be building a tide-mill. Maybe that is what the Chicago *Tribune* and twenty-one other newspapers are doing—building tide-mills. If the tide turns to radio—well and good, they are established in business. If not, very well; charge the outlay to advertising.

The United Press so far dissents from the opinion of the A. P. that it broadcast its complete election-night news, and a dozen great newspapers enthusiastically cooperated, paying large sums in order to give this service to their communities. Karl A. Bickel, president of the United Press, put his view succinctly when he said: "No one can eliminate radio from the field. Whether we like it or not, it is here." So his organization is determined to play along with radio, study it, be ready to utilize it as its possibilities unfold.

You, sir and madam, eventually will answer the question, Shall the newspaper survive, or the radio? That is propounding the problem in extreme form. More moderately phrased, will an important fraction of the public sooner or later prefer to get its news, and interpretation thereof, by radio? There are corollaries: Will you eventually pay more attention to broadcast advertisements than you do to printed advertisements? Or even as much? And since a large part of many newspapers is merely entertainment, will you increasingly seek entertainment by radio to the neglect of newspaper reading?

Perhaps it will help to state a few fundamentals.

To begin with, the gathering of news costs money. You wouldn't believe how much. Election-night service cost the A. P. $250,000. The cost was kept down to that trifle because every member supplied free the figures for its community. You don't pay for that service now, not directly, and so you do not appreciate its cost—or its value to you.

Not so very long ago a shrewd merchant discovered that if he paid for an announcement that marvelously good mousetraps could be had at his store people would beat a path to his door. More merchants quickly followed his example and the newspaper editor had found a new source of revenue. With the cash he did two things. First, he began selling his newspaper for a fraction of what it cost him to gather its contents and publish them. Second, he began spending lavishly to get more and better news. He hired famous writers; he sent men to Africa. He established offices in Paris and Tokio and all points between; he hired airplanes and set up private wires.

Take the advertising revenue away from the New York *Times* or the Chicago *Tribune*, or the Oil City *Derrick* for that matter, and your copy would cost you (a wild guess) ten cents a day.

Today the radio has no revenues adequate to supply so rich and splendid a service. It can now at comparatively small expense let you listen to a candidate's speech or a description of a fight or a ball game. Or, it can give you the news by sponging upon some newspaper which gathered it at great cost, hoping for reimbursement from you, indirectly, when you go shopping.

So today radio is not greatly to be feared—you jump at that conclusion. Ah, my friend, unfortunately all newspaper readers are not like you! You are thoughtful and thorough. You want all the news and you want it carefully and completely set forth. But the thousands, the millions,

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who buy newspapers, and without whom the newspapers will starve—they are more easily satisfied. Headline readers, these, and devotees of the comic strips and the stuff you despise as "trash": the 800,000 "readers" of the *Daily News* in New York, in which there is nothing to read. Perhaps they will be satisfied with a clever, catchy, sketchy bulletin service such as radio can improvise, without much cost.

This is today. Tomorrow this lusty, this amazing baby may discover how to make money! Perhaps by broadcasting material that is hash and gibberish unless you buy a certain receiver or pay for a certain key. Perhaps, tearing a sheet from the newspapers, by developing huge revenues from advertising. Some stations have pioneered far into this field already. Suppose they divert from newspapers a considerable portion of their revenues?

Now the other view—the opinions of those who feel that radio never can displace or even seriously damage the popularity of newspapers; those who are convinced that radio even can be made a genuine ally of the newspapers, bringing in more readers, and increasing their intelligence and interest. The best customers for the baseball extras are the crowds pouring homeward from the ball parks. They've sat through the game, seen every play, perhaps kept a box score. Then they buy a newspaper to read it all over again! Paradox? Not at all. The most interesting item in the newspaper is the item that contains your name. The next most interesting is the one that relates the incident you saw. You want to match your eyes against the reporter's—check his accuracy or yours, discover whether you missed a detail, learn the true inwardness of something that puzzled you at the time.

By analogy, so goes the reasoning, the man who listened to a speech by radio, is the man who will buy a newspaper next day to look it over in type. The great task confronting the newspaper today is to stimulate the public's interest in news, to arouse a genuine intellectual curiosity as to the world we live in. There are today too many who read nothing but racing results or eight-column headlines. Radio, many believe, can help here.

Is this sound? I don't know. I listened in while Davis talked in Chicago, 500 miles away, and I eagerly looked up telegraphic reports to reread certain passages and to see if I could get particulars about the heckling I overheard. A few nights later I heard Coolidge, and next day I carefully ducked reading his speech. I mean no invidious comparison. I was equally interested in each address, but I felt I knew all about the Coolidge meeting. The announcer was better, perhaps, and there was, it happened, no unexplained incident. That's fifty-fifty. But I think the weight of experience tends to prove that listening to the broadcasting of public events makes newspaper readers. It was my fate to sit in Madison Square Garden on a kitchen chair that got harder and harder as the Democratic convention dragged on, so I didn't hear it broadcast. But scores of my friends did. They all say it made them read the newspaper accounts much more eagerly. More critically, too. (We'll come back to that point.)

For decades the newspapers have used bulletin boards to stimulate curiosity and interest in news. Now science gives us the most splendidly sprawling bulletin board the world ever has known. If the old-fashioned bulletin board was a good thing for the newspaper, isn't a glorified bulletin board better?

There is another argument to allay the jumping nerves of radiophobe publishers. It is the time-and-human-patience argument. It took an hour, about, to broadcast a recent Presidential speech. You could read it in fifteen minutes. Furthermore, you could read it at your convenience, but to hear it you had to be listening at a definite hour—at his convenience. You may have just two investments, American Can and United States Steel. You can skip the stock table from "A" to "U" and get the day's prices in ten seconds. Or you can tune in your radio and listen while the announcer reads his weary way from "A" to "U." Suit yourself.

This, however, is not a final and crushing argument. The mischief is that too many buyers of newspapers are not readers at all but headline scanners. They might be glad to escape even the little reading they do now and take their bulletins in the intervals between jazz and humorous monologues.

Let me be fantastically imaginative for a moment. Suppose privacy of communication by radio is developed, and somehow I believe that is coming soon. May we not then see the newspaper of the future selling a complete service to subscribers? A year's subscription to the newspaper and a radio set that will receive the hourly-bulletin service of the newspaper's broadcasting station, as well as whatever other program the station has to offer, for so many dollars. A refinement of detail might be a key, not unlike a Yale key, that would tune the set to the secret-wave combination of the newspaper's broadcasting. Unlocked, the set could be tuned in the usual way to receive from public stations—if there are any left by that time. So if there is profit eventually to be made in broadcasting the newspaper need not be left out in the cold.

I alluded to the critical faculty developed by radio listeners, and promised to return to the point. It is a comfort to be sure of something in the midst of this sea of uncertainties. I am dead sure the broadcasting of public events—conventions, meetings, speeches—will improve the accuracy and honesty of newspapers. We're reasonably honest and all that, but the best of us do better work when we're checked up. The newspaper reporter nowadays "covering" a meeting that Mike the demon Microphone also attends has a million critics. He'd better be right. If he isn't his newspaper will hear about it.

The newspapers up our way accepted the prepared copy of a candidate's speech and printed it "as wrote." The candidate deviated from his manuscript—not in any important particular, at that—and radio fans told us about it. Let that be a lesson to us.

We welcome this, or we should. We court tests of our accuracy. Maybe this will stop a lot of loose talk about the unreliability of our newspaper. As for our loathed contemporary—well, it serves him good and right. He *will* chop and invert and distort the speeches of our candidate, will he? And how about the "tumultuous enthusiasm" and "wild cheering" he reported for his candidate? Say, did you hear that cheering? Lasted just thirty seconds. Timed it myself, and so did every reader of his miserable sheet.

My own opinion, since no one asked for it, is that radio cannot be strangled, that it will play an ever-increasing role as disseminator and publisher of news, *but* as the ally, not the enemy, of the newspaper.

And, of course, if I guess wrong, I can turn announcer.

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England and Egypt: The Rights and Wrongs

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

London, December 2

LET us try to be calm and reasonable about it. A party of Egyptian extremists have in open daylight in the streets of their capital violently murdered Sir Lee Stack, Governor General of the Sudan and Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the whole Egyptian army, which shared in the defense or policing of the Sudan and Egypt. The Sirdar by universal admission was a British administrator and general of the best type—kindly, reasonable, above suspicion of corruption, and wholly devoted to the service under his charge, especially for the Sudanese tribes. His murder naturally stirred his friend and colleague, Field Marshal Lord Allenby, the British High Commissioner in Egypt, to extreme rage. He attributed the crime, probably with justice, to the prolonged incitements of the extremist organization known as the Wafd, with which the Prime Minister, Zaghlul Pasha, was intimately connected, if he was not actually the originator and chief exponent of its nationalist doctrines. Lord Allenby is one of our greatest cavalry officers, and besides he won the highest praise for his campaign in Palestine toward the end of the war. But he is a man of passionate nature, accustomed to control others rather than himself. Under the stress of violent emotion he issued his ultimatum to the Egyptian Government, couched in offensive terms, describing them as having "allowed" the murder. He brought his cavalry clattering up and down the streets of an independent and sovereign capital. Against all etiquette, he made a visit of state in a soft hat and lounge suit, obviously with the intention of offending Egyptian feelings, punctilious on such points. And indeed he behaved as though Egypt were not even under a protectorate, as she was from 1914 to 1922, but had become a subject country, to be punished as such.

Here I would urge a point in his defense that is likely to be forgotten. Living as we do at a safe and comfortable distance from the scene of danger, we are all apt to omit "the haggard element of fear," as Carlyle called it. Egypt has a population of about 14,000,000, of which about 12,000,000 are Moslems. Cairo itself has a population of nearly 800,000 and Alexandria of 450,000. In the midst of those vast populations dwell mere handfuls of British, French, Italians, and a few other European and mainly Christian races. The Egyptian army numbers about 17,000 men who could not be relied upon to defend Europeans in case of a nationalist rising. Last year the British forces counted three regiments of cavalry, three batteries of horse artillery, three batteries of field artillery, seven battalions of infantry, and four squadrons of aeroplanes. The British force is being rapidly increased since the murder, but at the time it was small. You may say that even a small force of well-trained, disciplined, and confident British troops would suffice to deal with a rising of random mobs, even if supported by ill-disciplined Egyptian troops which have never been distinguished for martial behavior. I think that may be true, but before the British troops could come into action and suppress a widespread revolution how many innocent Europeans might have been plundered, ravished, and slaughtered with impunity by the rioters! That is where the haggard element of fear comes in, and we must make allowance for it. I felt that very keenly when I was in India. A tiny proportion of any European race dwelling in the midst of a different and possibly hostile population to be counted by millions always lives in fear and on the edge of panic. You may say that the Europeans have no right to be there at all. I will not argue that question now. I only say that under such conditions one must make allowance for fear.

So, urged by natural indignation at the murder of his friend and by a resolve to show the Egyptians that he was prepared to protect the foreign settlers to the utmost of his power, Lord Allenby issued his ultimatum and went clattering about the streets with his cavalry and marching his infantry battalions through the most dangerous parts of the city with fixed bayonets. Now let us consider the terms of the ultimatum. No one objects to the demands for an apology from the Egyptian Government and an inquiry into the crime, to be followed by the punishment of the murderers if caught. The prohibition of political demonstrations may also be granted, since such demonstrations are always likely to lead to violence and bloodshed in Cairo, chiefly owing to the excitability of the students in the famous Moslem University of El-Azhar, with its 405 professors and 10,000 students over whom the British representatives of official education never had recognized control. The demand for an indemnity of £500,000 is far more questionable, and its identity with Mussolini's demand upon Greece after the murders on the Albanian frontier is unfortunate, for it suggests a close parallel with the Italian behavior on that occasion—behavior which nearly the whole of England condemned. These terms, however, were accepted by Zaghlul Pasha before his resignation. Then came the retention, pending the conclusion of a further agreement on the subject, of the protection of foreign interests in Egypt, such as "the position and powers of the Foreign, Financial, and Judicial Advisers, and the officials of the European Department of the Ministry of the Interior." In that clause there is nothing new, for the "defense of Foreign Interests" was expressly reserved for "future discussion" when the British Protectorate was abolished in 1922 and Egypt was declared an independent and sovereign state. But it has now been exacted without discussion. Zaghlul refused it. Ziwar accepted it yesterday with all the rest.

So far, I think, one may say that there was nothing outrageous in Lord Allenby's demands, though the manner in which they were presented was harsh and violent. I should have thought that compensation to the Sirdar's widow (say to the amount of £50,000) would have been sufficient as reparation, but one hears that the "fine" of £500,000 already paid is to be devoted to the service of charitable objects in the Sudan, and so some excuse is possible, though I regret the sum. Then we come to the two demands having reference to the Sudan itself, and both of them are debatable, while one appears to me dangerously mistaken. The first is the withdrawal of the Egyptian troops from the Sudan and of the Egyptian officers in the

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Sudanese battalions. That demand raises the whole question of the British and Egyptian rights in the Sudan. Both nominally rest on the agreement of 1898-1899, concluded between ourselves and Egypt after the Mahdi had been "smashed" by Kitchener at Omdurman and the Sudan relieved of a bloody tyranny which had oppressed it for nearly twenty years. Whether that Mahdist tyranny was more detested than the corrupt and disgusting tyranny exercised over the Sudan by Egypt for the sixty years before the Mahdist rebellion in 1880, I could not say. Both were detestable, and the memory of the Egyptian rule still remains a horror in the Sudanese mind. After Gordon had tried in vain to appease the rising, and Kitchener had released the Sudan, as was hoped, both from Mahdist and Egyptian misgovernment, British officials under a British Governor General, who was also to be Sirdar of the whole Egyptian army, undertook the administration of the country. But the government was now to be called a "condominium," and the British and Egyptian flags were to fly side by side on the citadel of Khartum.

Of all forms of government a condominium seems to me the worst. We have never been able to get on with France in the condominium of the New Hebrides; nor could we get on with her so long as we had till the beginning of this century a condominium with France over Egypt. As to the triple condominium declared yesterday over Tangier, heaven help us all! For vain will be the help of man. When Egypt was declared a sovereign state two years ago the Sudan was one of the four points reserved for "future discussion," and it seems to me that by ordering the Egyptian troops and officers out Lord Allenby has canceled further discussion and taken over the government of the Sudan for this country. The whole moral question is whether the Sudanese still detest the Egyptian race so much as formerly. I hear different reports, and certainly the small mutiny of Sudanese platoons from one battalion under Egyptian officers seems to show that the tyranny of fifty years ago is becoming forgotten history. On the other hand British inhabitants of the Sudan represent the native tribes as devoted to the British in deep gratitude for our honorable administration and the fertility we have extended over the country by peace and irrigation. Assuming that the Sudanese tribes are still incapable of self-government, one must incline to think that British government is likely to be more popular than Egyptian as long as we maintain our high standard.

But the mention of irrigation brings up the last demand. Lord Allenby stated that for the future we would pay no attention to the agreement that only 300,000 feddans (acres) of the district called the Gezira should be irrigated. In future there would be no limit to the irrigation of this so-called "Island," which is really a vast promontory between the Blue and the White Nile, especially favorable for the growth of cotton. There we come hard up against a "snag." Our Sudanese Cotton Syndicate is a powerful company, and the day after Lord Allenby's demand was published up went the shares. Among its directors are included members of our "governing classes" and relatives of our ministers. Mr. Asquith's son is one of them, and perhaps you may remember the scandal that arose in the House of Commons when Mr. Tom Johnston (now candidate for Dundee owing to the death of my dear friend E. D. Morel) raised the question of Mr. Asquith's advocacy of the company's concession when Mr. Bonar Law was Prime Minister. Some members took the trouble of writing out an apology for Mr. Johnston to sign, but he refused to sign it, and no apology was ever offered. There comes the trouble. The Egyptians naturally clamor that the water of the Nile on which the very existence of their country absolutely depends is to be diverted for the benefit of a British company supported by political influence. I am told the fear is unfounded, for the two Niles supply more than enough water to irrigate both the Sudan and Egypt, leaving plenty over for navigation up the rivers. But it looks bad in any case, and Lord Allenby's demand is more than ill-timed. It looks like the act of a bully who says: "I don't like you. I distrust your way of going on. So I am going to cut off your water-supply at the main, and in future you will not get anything to drink or wash with, except at my pleasure."

It is important to keep the Egyptian demands separate from the Sudanese. In my opinion both should be referred to the League of Nations for separate decision. Have we a right to make the demands on Egypt herself? Have we a right to order her out of the Sudan and to divert a large quantity of the Nile water? The League might refer both questions to the International Court at the Hague. The Egyptian Parliament has petitioned the League to interfere, and if we refuse on the merely technical ground that the Parliament is not the Government, we shall be doing our worst to kill the League that we have done so much to foster. My own opinion further is that, assuming the Sudanese are incapable of self-government, and definitely refuse the Egyptian Government, we ought to ask the League to grant us a mandate over the Sudan. A mandate is not the same as annexation, for the holder is responsible to the Mandatory Commission of the League, and must present accounts and reports every year. The alternative is flat annexation, and if we insist on annexation the League may as well close its shutters.

P. S.—Since the above was written I have consulted a high authority (I might say the highest authority in this country) upon the subject. I was sorry to find that he disagrees with me as to appeals to the League of Nations. He says that the League could not take the matter of Egypt up on the sole petition of the Egyptian Parliament, for the reason I gave above: i. e., the Parliament is not the Government, and the Government under Ziwar certainly will not have the will or the courage to appeal. If some other country, such as Persia, took it up, he thinks that the League would be split in half and could not survive.

Nor does he think the time yet ripe for a mandate over the Sudan, though he regards that solution as the best ultimately. At present Egypt would certainly say: "Oh, that's all jolly well, but we too have a share in the Sudan. The Sudan is not a derelict like the other mandated countries taken from your ex-enemies. England may grab it if she likes, because we cannot prevent her. But we will not consent to any talk of a mandate."

I give you that as the opinion of a very progressive statesman, not a member of the present Tory Government, but one whose connection with the Egyptian and other foreign questions has been very intimate.

I am sorry he sees these objections (rather technical objections, I think) to my own suggestions, and I should not have given you his opinion had he not been a man of such wide experience and accurate knowledge of the subject.

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The One-Party System

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THERE'S nobody—pretty nearly nobody—in Democratic National Committee headquarters here. The Progressives are scurrying about wondering if they have a home somewhere sometime in the bosom of the future of the republic. Republican National Committee headquarters are bubbling with people and desks and statistics and conferences and files and facts and newspaper releases and personal and political activities.

Why not? A two-party system, we are told, is better than a three-party system. Fine! Very well. Why, then, isn't a one-party system better than a two-party system?

Great! We've got it.

The only party there is in these United States today is the Republican Party. That's all there is of that.

Senator Heflin of Alabama, white-waistcoated, portly, archangelic avenger of the Sunny South upon the perfidies and insidious and enervating diabolisms of the Federal Reserve Board, sits silent now in his seat. Minute after minute passes without a speech from him. Walsh of Montana arises not to intimate that political corruption is the road to political ruin. Walsh, the clarid avenger, like Heflin, the turgid avenger, seeks vengeance no more. The Democrats lie back to watch the Republicans make another record and hope—ah! how they hope!—that it will be sufficiently worse than the last to speak for itself.

They begin to doubt the wisdom of speaking for it.

Last time they pointed out to the country how awful—as they thought—it was. The country thereupon said: "Aw! Politics!"

In the House the mass of the Democrats were committed to the Barkley-Howell bill for abolishing the Railroad Labor Board and for substituting for it a set of arrangements more satisfactory to the railroad trade unions. The Republicans, on the whole, were and are against the bill. It nevertheless had the parliamentary right to be considered and debated on December 15. The Democratic leader of the House—Mr. Garrett of Tennessee—thereupon agreed with the Republican leader of the House—Mr. Longworth of Ohio—to set aside December 15 as a day on which eulogies would be delivered in the Congress of the United States to the urn of Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Longworth would rather deliver eulogies to any urn than advance the Barkley-Howell Bill which was introduced into the House and waved out onto the floor of the House by—as it were—secret signals, without consulting him. He regards the Barkley-Howell Bill as a case in which he has got to show whether or not he is running the House, or who is? In any case the Democratic leader joins him now in doing the Barkley-Howell Bill out of its December 15 and in postponing it to the first Monday in January, which perhaps will be dedicated to memorial ceremonies by the Department of Agriculture to the apple which led to the discovery of the law of gravitation by Isaac Newton.

Meanwhile Senator La Follette's seat in the Senate is usually regally empty, and Senator Wheeler attends only to be as amiably inconspicuous as his dashing cavalryman appearance will permit. Brookhart of Iowa postpones his panegyrics on the cooperative economic system to another time. The Republicans—the regular Republicans—at this time have it all to themselves.

In Britain the vanquished David Lloyd George and the vanquished James Ramsay MacDonald may rise in Parliament to level tranquil sneers at the victorious Stanley Baldwin. In the United States the fans for the vanquished team take off their buttons and sneak home to supper voiceless.

The Democratic Party is at this moment not a party. It is perhaps much better. It is much better, if multiplying and replenishing the earth is as good a thing for parties as it is said to be for people. The Democratic Party, by fissure, like an amoeba, has split itself into two parties. There is the Al Smith Party. There is the McAdoo Party. Each thrives and conducts all sorts of propaganda in Washington and elsewhere for the campaign of 1928.

We now in truth have one party and three factions. We have the Republican Party. We have the La Follette Progressive faction. We have the Democratic Al Smith "boss" faction. We have the Democratic McAdoo "anti-boss" faction. Because of the existence of these two last factions the Democratic National Headquarters in Washington are as Romish catacombs or Pompeiian atriums, elegantly preserved but destitute quite of all flocks of worshipers or traversers.

Three sects, Al Smith Democratic and William Gibbs McAdoo Democratic and Bob La Follette Progressive—and One Church, the Republican Church! That is the present situation.

The Republican Church has within it even now, it is true, high churchmen and broad churchmen and low churchmen. Senator Wadsworth of New York is a high churchman, burning incense before a red lamp of private property and refusing to be disturbed at his devotions by any modern hymns to public ownership. Senator Curtis of Kansas is a broad churchman, seeing an occasional need of a restatement of eternal verities into kaleidoscopic language. Senator Johnson of California might even refuse to allow any incense at all to be burned in any Republican Church edifice of which he was the pastor.

Yet among them all there is a certain acceptance of unifying truths or myths, as distinguished from a pursuit of disintegrating inquiries or facts, which establishes them as concertedly a church. They agree that almost anything can be transubstantiated into the body and blood of the republic on the Republican altar.

The others have today no such similar faith. That is their political practical weakness. The McAdoo Democrats think that a "boss" is a "boss"—and wicked—even if a Democrat. The Smith Democrats think that a "demagogue" is a "demagogue"—and despicable—even if a Democrat. The Progressives think that any Progressive who disagrees with any other Progressive on the subject of the meaning of the fifty-fifth verse of the two hundredth chapter of the third book of the prophet Daniel regarding the valuation of railroads has sold out to The Interests.

These three elements are all sectarian. The Republican Party today is the only political national church in Washington. The problem of the other three elements is profoundly psychologically this: How to get over being dividingly sectarian and become compositely churchmanlike enough to command a majority of ordinary people in a human country in a world which, after all, wishes to stick together rather than fall apart.

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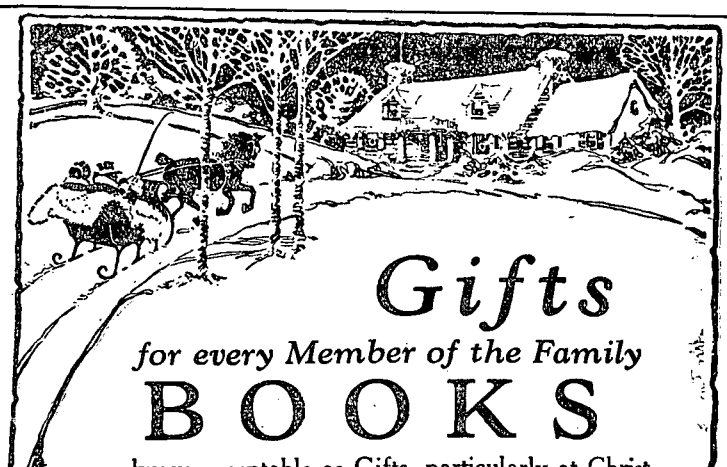

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Quaker Revolutionaries

The Death Battalion of Youth

By MOLLIE BEST

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE

THE mention of Quakers usually calls up pictures of quaint old gentlemen in quiet clothing or serene old ladies in ample gray skirts, while the pioneers of Quakerism are thought of vaguely as well-meaning folk leading lives as drab as their clothes. Like many popular opinions this is far from fact. Compared to the primitive Quakers the life of an I. W. W. in the oil-fields of Oklahoma is a sheltered and protected one. Far from being drab their lives were, in fact, lurid. They reached out toward danger like plants for the sun. They trekked the whole wide world and challenged all the autocratic powers and potentates of their time. They sailed the seven seas in leaky tubs, and ran afoul the Algerian pirates before Commodore Decatur was born or thought of. They were even sold as slaves to the profit of their Christian queen and fellow-countrymen; vivisection was practiced upon them in New England and in Old. Deported on convict ships where they had hardly more than standing room only, they died like flies or survived to fatten in stockades in the Barbados. They founded great states and administered them, without once making the Sermon on the Mount a scrap of paper. In fact, the history of their lives reads like a fragment out of the Teutonic fairy tales.

For in the beginning Quakerism was distinctly a youth movement, and characterized by zeal rather than discretion. To us, heirs of their victories, some of their war cries seem trivial or even absurd, but if they had been obsessed with the idea that God willed them to be nourished by a diet of dried prunes it would not have hampered their drive against intrenched authority and custom, nor obscured the fact that they fought one of the most cruel wars in the history of English-speaking people for individual freedom, the right of free speech and free assembly, and the separation of church and state. They went over the top almost alone, with nothing to back them but spiritual force, unparalleled courage, and a mighty power which they called God.

Like the prophet Samuel many of the Quaker leaders heard the call of God as little children, and long before they reached maturity their valorous young lives were snuffed out in dank and stinking prisons. Of all the grewsome tales none is more affecting than the martyrdom of little Elizabeth Fletcher and little James Parnell, both under twenty when they were done to death by highly respectable and pious people.

An eloquent and persuasive preacher at sixteen, Elizabeth was fired with an ambition to civilize and Christianize the institutions of higher education. Her first attempt was Oxford, an arduous undertaking, for the he-man red-blooded model was the fashion in that aristocratic seat of learning. The high-born youth of Oxford, many of them in training for holy orders, had a habit of breaking in on Quaker meetings, smashing doors and windows, throwing the worshipers to the floor, and riding on the backs of men and women. When their victims refused to drink, beer was forced down their throats and their clothing saturated with it. It was also thought proper to behave indecently to the women, use obscene language, fire gunpowder and bullets to terrorize them, and otherwise assert themselves as jolly English gentlemen.

Stirred by the atrocities of these young savages two earnest north country girls moved on Oxford, "under a Religious Concern, to exhort the Inhabitants of that Place, and the scholars in the colleges to Repentance and Amendment of Life." The call to repentance was unfavorably received by the vivacious students, who carried the two girls to the college pump and forced water down their throats till they were partially strangled. They were then roped together and dragged through a muddy ditch to the cemetery, and after a battering against the gravestones thrown into an open grave.

Mangled in body but unshaken in their conviction that amendment of life was desirable for the students, the young women rose from the grave to continue their mission. They were arrested and taken before a court where the vice-chancellor of Oxford sat on the bench, the most severe of the judges. For the merry pranks of his students there was no condemnation—boys will be boys—but the exhortations of the two Quaker girls horrified him. He sternly declared that since the spirit of God and the grace of Christ had been dishonored by the unseemly and riotous conduct of the girls they should be whipped out of town. For the execution of this sentence the mayor's signature was necessary, and here the chancellor encountered a snag. That official flatly refused to affix his name to the order. He went further and offered to supply the young Quakers with garments to replace those torn to shreds by the fighting students and to provide other necessaries.

The imperious vice-chancellor, lately so eloquent on the duty of obedience to magistrates, absolved himself from that duty. In defiance of the mayor's veto, he signed the order himself, and the girls were whipped out of town by a very reluctant executioner, more compassionate than his superior. Elizabeth Fletcher's frail body was not constructed to stand water treatment followed by violent contact with gravestones. The wounds she received in the battle of Oxford proved mortal, though she lingered on in great agony, fighting valiantly to the end.

The story of little James Parnell makes a perfect companion piece to that of Elizabeth Fletcher. At the age of fourteen this serious child began a quest for the peace which the world cannot give. He was quite wicked, he assures us, probably preferring other diversion to the entertainment offered in the sanctuary. He learned that George Fox wandering on the same quest had found what he sought, and the boy set off afoot for Carlisle, where Fox

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was imprisoned. His search was over; in that miry dungeon he found the young Quaker leader joyful and triumphant, and immediately fell into rank. The peace he sought and found was not of this world, for his short Quaker life ended as it began in prison.

The records tell us that Parnell was "raised in the schools of literature." His family had given him educational advantages with a more ambitious view than turning him into a Quaker, and his conversion to that heretical sect resulted in his being turned out of doors. The activities of the young gentlemen at the universities decided young Parnell to embark on the dangerous life of Christian missionary to the divinity students of Cambridge. They received him with "rude and bad entertainment." He was imprisoned and then expelled as a vagabond. Many of the plainer people were "convinced" by his eloquence and sincerity, but the better class were die-hards. Coming out of church one pleasant Sabbath morning a zealous worshiper struck the lad a cruel blow with his stick, saying, "For Christ's sake take that." The little fellow replied, "Friend, I do receive it for Jesus Christ's sake."

Startled by the success of the youth the clergy proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer against Quaker errors. On the appointed day James attended church, listened quietly to the thundering from the pulpit denouncing Quakers as deceivers and their doctrines as built on sandy foundations. The sermon ended he rose and said: "I will prove our foundations not to be sandy and thee to be a false prophet." To speak lightly of or to the clergy was unlawful, and James was escorted to prison, charged with contempt of magistracy and ministry, of creating a riot, and of otherwise indecently behaving himself. In rebuttal the boy claimed that he did not think it indecent to call an unjust judge unjust, a persecutor a persecutor, or a deceiver a deceiver. His superiors differed with that opinion and denied his plea. Manacled day and night to felons and murderers he was compelled to walk eighteen miles to stand trial, but the murmurs of the populace had that menacing note which English authorities had learned to respect, and on his next appearance at court it was deemed prudent to omit these unpopular features.

Four magistrates and seven clergymen sat on the bench, and in the naive manner of that time the jury was charged that if they failed to bring in a verdict of guilty the sin would rest on their own heads. They were hard-headed, and feeling equal to the weight refused to bring in the verdict demanded of them. Upon which the judges ignored the jury and took the liberty of fining the prisoner £40, knowing that he had conscientious scruples against paying an unjust fine and would remain a prisoner.

This sentence silenced the young preacher forever. Authority is a jealous god, and crimes against it are always more harshly punished than crimes against humanity. Toward Barabbas chief priests and scribes may relent; toward Jesus never, for "he stirreth up the people." For the same crime little James was to pay the same penalty. The jailer was a brutal man; his wife was venomous. She beat the little lad continually and swore to have his blood. The jail was a relic of the Roman occupation, and, strictly speaking, James occupied a sarcophagus, a mere shelf in a thick stone wall, twelve feet above the ground and approached by a ladder reaching but half way up. The remainder of the ascent was a scramble effected by means of a rope. The beatings of the gentle jaileress and the cold, damp stone soon wrecked the delicate body that housed James's indomitable spirit. Making the ascent to his shelf on a bitter winter day, his stiff hands missed the rope, and he plunged to the floor, shattered. It now became necessary to assign him a shelf near the floor, but fresh air or any other alleviation of his suffering the malice of his jailers denied him. He lingered for a time on the stone shelf, gradually fading out of a hostile world, tenderly cared for by Thomas Shortland and Ann Langley. The Quakers frequently restored their sick to health by prayer, and the tired boy with the mangled body pleaded anxiously with his two friends. "Thomas," said he, "I have seen great things; don't hold me, but let me go." And again he questioned, "Will you hold me?" "No, dear heart," Ann said, "we will not hold thee." And so comforted he went to sleep; destroyed at the age of nineteen by a world he risked his life to better.

Another young soldier who fell scaling the cliffs of clerical power was Roger Hudson. Having proved delinquent "in a certain cause of Tithes and other Ecclesiastical Rights," the warrant read, "the right worshipful Richard Lloyd, Knight and Dr. of Laws, vicar general and Official of the Right Reverend Father in God, Nathaniel, by divine Providence Lord Bishop of Durham," attached the body of the said Roger Hudson, who was thrown into a dark and airless dungeon, where he languished many months. He pleaded for a breath of fresh air, but the right worshipful ecclesiastic had warned the jailer against any such indulgence to this enemy of society and of his lawful perquisites. The prisoner grew very weak and, compassion finally conquering fear, the jailer moved him to where he could breathe pure air. For this humane disobedience of orders the vicar had the jailer summoned before a magistrate, who after a severe reprimand fined the poor man £20.

Robert Selby, a physician of Durham, now entered the contest with the vicar, and let him know in plain language that Roger Hudson, who was not a criminal, would surely die if he continued in a dark cell. The man of God replied:

> I hope I am and desire to continue a tender hearted Man. Yet I would not have you or others judge me a soft fool, and one easily to be wheedled out of his right Reason and Senses by little phanatick Bugbears. If Roger Hudson were not able to pay (though a Turk) I know what I have to say, but if either he or you pretend Conscience for non-payment of just Debts or dues, you must pardon me if I have as little Credit for, and give as little respect to that Coynage and Cozenage, as one that picks a Purse or cuts a Throat by the same Pretense.

The good-will of the jailer and the physician was unavailing. Smothered to death for a conscientious refusal to pay a tax of a few shillings Roger Hudson died in his cell, but even when he had reached the place where the wicked are said to cease from troubling the ire of the tender-hearted man pursued him. The body, as required by law, was wrapped in woolen, but the bereaved sister was a day late in making the necessary affidavit that the law had been complied with. Like a hawk the vicar bore down upon her with a warrant for her arrest, and half of the £5 fine—the penalty for *failure to comply with the law*—went to that good man as informer. Besse's two huge volumes of twelve hundred pages, "The Sufferings of the People Called Quakers," are a wearisome repetition of such martyrdom. Like the pagan temples, the pillars of our liberties rest on the bodies of the martyrs.

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In the Driftway

AT a critical moment the Western Union Telegraph Company is prepared, as usual, to step into the breach. It has suspected—or, rather, hoped—that many persons would want to express their holiday greetings by telegram; it realizes that no one ever knows what to say in a telegram. And, behold! a list of canned wires all prepared and numbered so that the sender has only to pick up the telephone, call Western Union, announce that he would like to send No. 200 to Aunt Mary in Spokane, and the thing is done. But stay; would No. 200 do for the relative in question? No. 200 reads as follows:

> We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. At the same time we want you to know how thoroughly we appreciate your untiring efforts to advance the interests of our company (firm) during the past year. Good luck to you.

On second thought, the Drifter thinks that Aunt Mary would not consider that one entirely suitable. No. 11 might be better:

> Over the many miles which separate us I (we) send you this message of love and affection with all my (our) best wishes for a Merry Christmas.

The only objection to that one is that Aunt Mary, being a frugal soul, would sniff and wonder if her nephew did want to send her a telegram and get her out of bed at seven o'clock in the morning to fetch it in, why in tarnation he couldn't limit himself to ten words; on the other hand, if he hadn't forgot all about her until the last minute, he could have put as many words as he liked on a post card with a penny stamp and mailed it to Spokane. All this reflection would undoubtedly be bad for an aunt and might even make her change her will. Nephews have been disinherited for less.

* * * * *

THE Drifter, mind, does not mean to disparage the obviously well-meant efforts of the Western Union to help out (and increase the number of) its customers at the glad Christmas season. But he feels that the company has failed, as the business phrase is, to "think the matter through." Difficulties would arise, as he has pointed out, which have evidently not been foreseen. Nor is the Western Union entirely to blame for its lack of foresight. It has merely fallen in line with the multitudes who are trying to send Christmas greetings in a new way. Every year the Drifter, lured by the crowds who throng around the Christmas card counters, pushes his way in to inspect the merchandise that is so popular. He reads a dozen cards, neat squares of pasteboard with envelopes to match, almost, on which a decoration—a lighted candle, a sprig of holly, a blue sky sprinkled with gold stars—accompanies a sentiment, and he takes himself off sadly. It is the sentiment which finished him: "For Father. A glad New Year to a Good Old Scout," "For Mother. May 'Santa' bring 'Good Cheer' to the Sweetest Little Old Lady in the World," "Wishing you a Merry Christmas with Great Joy for the New Year," or, saddest of all,

> I'd like to send a little gift
> To express my dearest wish
> For Christmas and New Year joy to you,
> But this card will have to do.

THE Drifter does not send greeting cards. To those persons whom he meets on Christmas morning right lustily he shouts "Merry Christmas!" To the rest no card of his comes to swell the morning mail; for him no postman's back is bent. On the other hand, he would not go so far as to forbid entirely the sending of cards; he would merely order to be hanged, drawn, and quartered all persons engaged in the business of making them. After that, if anyone wished to write, on a plain white piece of paper, the only two words that are suitable for Christmas greeting, and wished also to deliver the scrap to the door of a friend, he would have no objection. Friendship would be served, the post office would be saved a great rush of overtime work, and the cause of art and literature would be immeasurably advanced. Meantime, to one and all, "A Merry Christmas" from THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The "Gang" Loses in Cincinnati

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the last election Cincinnati voted for a charter amendment which not only provides for the city-manager plan but for proportional representation.

For years Cincinnati has been considered the worst-governed city in Ohio, if not in this entire section of the country. People in the northern part of the State had a way of referring to the "black spot" which was Hamilton County and to "you gang-ridden people down in Cincinnati," accompanied by ominous shakings of the head as though they wondered why we put up with such a state of affairs. One got to the point of rather being ashamed to admit a home in the city on the Ohio River. From the old days, when George B. Cox ruled it with an iron hand from the back room of the corner saloon, up to the present time, under the absent but none the less autocratic guidance of R. K. Hynicka, there has been but little change.

Came the Presidential election and a group of public-spirited men and women who offered a remedy to the people of Cincinnati in the form of a charter calling for a city manager and proportional representation in the government of the city. The "gang" was dead against it naturally. It had perpetuated itself in office for so long it must have viewed with dismay the idea of losing, so it endeavored to cloud the issue by substituting its own amendment. A systematic course of education was carried on by both groups, and wherever one went the principal topic of conversation was the proposed charter with its city-manager plan and proportional representation, or one of the substitute amendments proposed by the ruling powers in the City Hall.

As election day came nearer and nearer watchers for the polls were secured, because it was realized absolutely that unless watchers were on hand the chance of winning was very remote. At the same time the Progressive (La Follette) group was just as busy getting its watchers signed up. But this group had its eye on the Supreme Court of Ohio, which had under consideration the question of permitting watchers at the polls for the Progressive Party. On Saturday before election day I arrived at headquarters and was greeted with a wail of dismay and discouragement, the decision of the Supreme Court that no watchers were to be allowed the Progressive Party, on the ground that it was not a political party in the strict meaning of that term but a committee spreading propaganda, having just been given out to the press. For the first time in the history of the city a watcher for a progressive movement had been secured in every precinct.

The campaign committee got busy at once, because it was learned that the City Charter Committee had not secured a

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full quota of watchers, and a La Follette watcher was put in every vacant place with instructions to remain for the entire count. And they were all on hand; every precinct in Cincinnati had its charter watcher. When I appeared at the precinct in my ward I was immediately informed that I was a watcher for the charter amendment only, and it was agreed that the charter vote would be counted first in order that I might go home. But I announced my entire willingness to remain and my desire not to be the recipient of such consideration. Then I was told bluntly that I couldn't stay; but I stated that I rather thought I would anyhow. Then it was suggested that I might get tired, as it was quite a tedious process to count all the ballots and it would probably take a long time. I cheerfully admitted that even so I was not asking for favors. At last I was informed that it was against the law for me to remain for the entire count, but that threat didn't seem to have the effect on me it was supposed to have. I said I was perfectly willing to have a test case made. Finally I was told I could stay if I "wanted to" and the "boss" said I could. So the "boss" took the matter under consideration and finally announced that it was perfectly proper and likewise perfectly legal for me to remain.

The "gang" has learned that when the public conscience is aroused it speaks with no uncertain voice.

Cincinnati, November 16 MARY D. BRITE

Farmers and Their Debts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read the article by Gertrude Mathews Shelby entitled The Politicians Betray the Farmer. She says among other things: "Ultimately, by 'loans at cost and loans that never come due' (repaid in regular instalments), the farmers will *get out of debt.*" I beg to differ with that statement. As long as the system that put the farmers in debt continues they will never get out of debt. Of the six million farmers in the United States, three million are tenant farmers, and that is due to the fact that the land provided by the Creator for the equal use of all is rented to them by LAND-lords, thereby producing a nation of creditors and debtors.

Brooklyn, November 28 GEORGE LLOYD

An Open Letter to Ex-Soldiers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an ex-soldier and a pacifist I was delighted to read A. H. Gibbs's article, What Every Veteran Knows. We ex-soldiers owe it to our generation to "speak out" about war. We owe it even more to the kiddies and the unborn than to our comrade dead in "Flanders Fields."

Why are so many ex-soldiers silent about the whole war system? Why do so few of them ever speak for the principles for which we youth fought—on every front? They know how we were made to hate by lying propaganda; lured on by ideals which were insincere; deceived by a "peace" which is only a truce. Almost all ex-soldiers know these bitter truths; why do they not speak up before younger brothers and little sons before the time when younger brothers and little sons grow up, as General Ian Hamilton expressed it, "to march, as we marched, to the paths of glory, and to find them, as we found them, a grave"?

One answer to this question is to be found in the degrading influence of war. Many ex-soldiers are spiritual casualties. Though they are repelled by the naked savagery of war, yet they cling to the brutal philosophy of life with which they were infected by military service.

But fortunately for humanity, there are many ex-soldiers of the type of Major Gibbs, Major Stallings (author of "What Price Glory"), General Currie of Canada, General Hamilton of England, General Shoenaich of Germany, and Generals Verraux and Percin of France, who have had the courage to call war what they know it is, to break with the war system, and to stand forth for a new day.

The British youth in their "No More War Movements" number many ex-soldiers. The American Fellowship of Youth for Peace has five former soldiers on its national council and scores of soldier members who are living refutations of the charge that war-abolitionists or pacifists are cowards.

Even though disabled men are leaders in the Fellowship of Youth for Peace the Hearst press declared on Defense Day: "We look in vain among these purple-scented, lily-livered pacifists for empty sleeves."

Ex-soldiers, here is a challenge to your moral courage. How many of you dare to join our ex-service men's section of the F. Y. P.? If you are interested in the world-wide youth movement to end war in our generation, write our office for literature and information concerning enrolment.

Your Tank-Corps Buddy,

New York, November 15 THOMAS Q. HARRISON,
National Secretary,
Fellowship of Youth for Peace

Catholicism and the State

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your September 3 issue is a letter from David Y. Thomas of Fayetteville, Arkansas, in which appears the following statement: "The supremacy of the church over the state is a fundamental tenet of Catholicism." Judging from the tone of his letter, Mr. Thomas will welcome information showing the error of that statement, while *The Nation,* one may be sure, will not object to it. In his "Encyclical Letter on the Christian Constitution of the State," published in November, 1885, Pope Leo XIII, addressing his words to the Catholics of the entire world, set forth Catholic teaching in respect to the relations of church and state in the following words:

> Almighty God has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine and the other over human things. Each has fixed limits within which it is contained, and each in its sphere is supreme. Whatever is of a sacred character, belonging either of its own nature or by reason of the end to which it is referred to the salvation of souls or to the worship of God, is subject to the church. Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order is rightfully subject to the civil authorities.

As applied to America, we have the interpretation of that principle from the same illustrious pontiff given in an encyclical letter addressed to the Catholics of America in 1895:

> All men will agree that America seems destined for great things. The Catholic Church should not only share in, but should help to bring about this prospective greatness. She should keep equal step with the republic in the march of improvement, striving to the utmost by her virtue and her institutions to aid in the rapid growth of the States . . . ever keeping before the minds of the people the enactments of the Council of Baltimore, particularly those which inculcate the observance of the laws and institutions of the republic.

Of more recent date is the statement contained in the pastoral letter of the Catholic archbishops and bishops of our country, meeting in Washington in 1919, as follows:

> The state has a sacred claim upon our respect and loyalty. It may justly impose obligations and demand sacrifices for the sake of the common welfare which it is established to promote. Within its proper limits it has a right to our obedience, and this obedience we are bound to render not merely on grounds of expediency but as a conscientious duty.

Louisville, Kentucky, September 4 BENEDICT ELDER

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Books, Music, Plays

First Glance

THE study of American folk-literature must in the nature of things proceed sporadically. We might prefer to see a vast net thrown over all the continent at once, a net from which no single deposit of song or superstition could escape; but we must be content with something dragged up here and something caught, perhaps by accident, there. The search has been especially active in recent years. Popular ballads have been collected from Kentucky, the Southwest, the Carolinas, and the lumber camps of the North. Myths about mighty men—Paul Bunyan, Tony Beaver, and Pecos Bill—have got into the monthly magazines. Four years ago appeared a volume devoted to Kentucky superstitions. And now appears "Legends of Texas" (Austin; Texas Folk-lore Society: $1.50), edited by J. Frank Dobie from materials gathered by himself and others through years of riding and talking and reading. It is an entertaining volume, one which Mr. Dobie has put together not so much for the professional anthropologist—he furnishes no apparatus for the comparison of his findings with those of scholars in fields remote from his—as for the lay Texan who some time will appropriate these legends for literary use. However that last may be, the book is rich in suggestion for any mind, and incidentally it has value as a picture of a people.

Mr. Dobie gives the largest share of his space to legends of buried treasure and lost mines. Other sections, dealing with supernatural visitations, for instance, and lovers' leaps, are less interesting than this one because their stuff is obviously less indigenous and authentic. Mr. Dobie finds the very soul of Texas in these beliefs, cherished by so many persons over so long a time, concerning Spanish gold sunk under sand or spilled into streams or hidden beneath hillside rocks. No Spaniard who came up as far as Texas ever brought real treasure with him, it would seem; but all of his race had dreams of gold, and now the settlers from the North have inherited those dreams, contracted that credulity. Texans of simple faith will pay a good price for charts—*platas*—directing them to buried wealth, and they will dig whole acres up with never a penny for their pains. Mr. Dobie, doubtless not without some relish for the plainness of the details, speaks of "four hundred dollars in Mexican coin that were rooted up by hogs in Frio County forty years ago"; but men have no such luck. The pile of stones that marked the site is scattered. As your horse leaps over a spring a bar of silver shines up out of it, but you go back the next day and you cannot find the spring. A Mexican leads you into a valley where he once saw trains of pay-carts standing full; somehow as you proceed the terrain ceases to be familiar, and the search ends nowhere. And there is Mike Wilson, "who is believed to be on his death-bed in a little hut in the Guadalupe Mountains, vainly trying to remember the location of probably one of the richest gold mines in the world."

Not so very long ago such stories as Mr. Dobie and his collaborators tell were dressed up in literary language borrowed for the purpose. Here they are quite naked; the language is local, the figures are homely, and there are no false moves toward romance. "One day while Murphy was holding down a wormy calf out in the pasture to doctor it he raised his eyes and saw . . ." Heroes ride to the scene of action not on foaming steeds but in buckboards. The spirit of a murdered man manifests itself in the form of a strange dog, and of a gate that will not stay shut. And the mysterious music in the San Bernard River at Music Bend in Brazoria County is reported sometimes to resemble "the sounds made by a steer which, having been knocked in the head, falls, kicking and beating the ground and bellowing in pain." The result is romance after all, of course—or, what is better yet, conviction in the reader that ordinary people with ordinary eyes believe they have beheld romance.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Nietzschean Novel

The Boy in the Bush. By D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

IT may be left to the psychoanalysts to explain the cause of the peculiar ambivalence of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's emotions, but whatever its cause this ambivalence is the most striking thing about his work. Neither he nor any of his heroes can love without at the same time hating, and the sense of maddened frustration thus generated is the driving force behind his work. Never desiring anything without being at the same time desperately anxious to escape it, he wanders from country to country in a state of almost unbearable irritation until the pressure of suppressed emotion becomes too great to be endured and he is compelled to discharge it in a book where various projections of his own personality fret and boil. Sometimes the passion may be obscure enough, but it is always too intense to seem dull; and even his mere accumulated irritation, always ready to be launched at whatever happens to catch his eye for a moment, imparts an unfailing vigor to his style. Thin legs, for example, can become a symbol of all that is contemptible in a contemptible world and he can dispose of them thus, once and for all:

> He hated a man slouching along with a discolored face and trousers slopping down his insignificant legs. He loathed that look which tramps and ne'er-do-wells usually have, as if their legs weren't there inside their beastly bags. Despicable about the rear and the legs. The best of the farmers, on the contrary, had strong, sinewey legs, full of life. . . . And Tom had good live legs. But poor old Dad had not been very alive, inside his pants.

So genuine is the passion that the reader is compelled, for the time being at least, to hate thin legs almost as much as the author; and the same sweep of passion carries him through more weighty passages. Yet when the spell of the book has passed he will realize that he has been vicariously experiencing Lawrence's turmoil without entirely understanding the reasons for it, and he will be led to ponder not so much the problems of his own existence as the problem of the author's peculiar temperament. Whence comes his baffled fury, and why is it that the rage of his characters is at once obviously genuine and yet not wholly rational?

Doubtless the original difficulty lay in that peculiar psychological twist which made it impossible for the hero of "Sons and Lovers" to unite himself wholly with any of the women whom he loved. But this sexual frustration has spread until with Lawrence it has produced a parallel in every activity of life, and no desire, whatever it may be, can be direct or clear. Finding himself utterly unable to be satisfied by any of the commonly accepted values, he has retired further and further into himself until at last he has developed a psychological system and an ethic which serve to justify his irritation in his own eyes. More and more his books have ceased to be objective representations of life and come to be projections of his own ego into situations which will help to make clear both the nature

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Carnegie Branch

of his feelings and the scheme of thought by which they explain themselves. Thus "The Boy in the Bush," though it is said to be the rewriting of a novel published some time ago by an Australian woman novelist, is so completely assimilated by him that it becomes obviously a spiritual autobiography.

It tells of a young man expelled from the "tame" society of England to make his way in Australia; but its *raison d'être* is the development of his consciousness and his opinions along the lines upon which all of Lawrence's characters have been working. Like his creator he has always hated the place where he found himself; gradually he discovers that his only possible home is within himself. Born of a mother who teaches him that there is both a tame virtue and a wild virtue, he wishes first to be free without knowing from what or for what. Then by stages he deifies his own impulses into Lawrence's "dark God within" and becomes a law to himself. Love all but conquers him, until by taking two wives instead of one he proves himself its master instead of its slave and thus escapes destruction. "Before he went over the border he might have been tricked into a surrender to the soft hideous thing they called love, but now he would have love in his own way, haughtily, passionately, and darkly." We leave him as he is conducting this second wife home to the first, and the implication is that he has at last become reconciled to his restless discontent through the conviction that it is the distinguishing mark of a superiority which places him in the master class.

Thus the book seems to be thoroughly Nietzschean, even down to the express acceptance of the doctrine that life is good because it is painful. Yet, interesting as it is, it is not wholly convincing as doctrine for the reason hinted above: the philosophy is invented to fit the emotions instead of being the cause of them. The reader cannot escape the suspicion that some maladjustment to life has called forth Mr. Lawrence's mysticism and that the maladjustment is one too rare to be more than an interesting curiosity. The author can hardly hope to win disciples save among those who suffer from his own particular psychic twist. Fascinating as his books are, he must be put down as another one of the many who have mistaken the twinge of a nerve awry for the voice of a hidden god.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Frank Cobb

Cobb of "The World": A Leader in Liberalism. Compiled from his editorial articles and public addresses by John L. Heaton. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

FRANK COBB believed in the anonymous impersonality of the editorial; the *World* was to him an institution, not a medium through which to express himself—yet his work had a sweep and a ring that made men who knew say, as they read the *World*, "That's Cobb" and men who had never heard his name cry with enthusiasm, "That's the real old *World* style." He stamped his character on the most characterful editorial page in American newspapers and came to be one of the few nationally known editors of an editorless age.

John Heaton, Cobb's collaborator through nearly all his twenty years' service on the *World*, has collected a hundred of Cobb's characteristic editorials and articles, and added a sketch of Cobb the Man by Lindsay Denison, another long-time associate. Cobb never went to college; he was a rural high-school superintendent in Michigan before he began his newspaper career in Grand Rapids; and he was only thirty-four when Joseph Pulitzer drafted him from the Detroit *Free Press* after scanning the editorial pages of the continent. Meanwhile, however, Cobb had been studying. He knew American history as few university men knew it. He could quote the founding fathers aptly and easily—indeed these editorials quote from amazingly few except Lincoln and the founders. Apart from a few political writers the literary allusions include one passage from the Bible, one from Lowell, one from Beaumont and Fletcher, and two quotations from Kipling's verse; in an essay on Shaw he refers rather limpingly to Ibsen and Zola. Cobb's power lay not in literary grace or charm, but in a sledge-hammer directness, a manifest sincerity, and a capacity to dig and discover facts and then array them vigorously. He used short sentences; he knew the force of repetition; and he never wasted space in persiflage, intellectual subtleties, or fine writing. He knew what he wanted to say before he began writing an editorial; and when he had said it he stopped. There are no introductions and no perorations in his writing, but he had the gift of the final sentence that leaves an echo. At schools of journalism classes in editorial writing will have to use this selection from Cobb's work as a textbook.

Fortunately for him Cobb had none of the disheartening doubts of these latter days. He had unhesitating faith in democracy and in the American people. In 1913 he wrote that "In the course of these thirty years democracy has fought its fight with plutocracy and triumphed; the supremacy of human rights over property rights has been established"—and he probably still believed that when he died in 1923. As with many another survivor of early battles memories of the old obscured the significance of later struggles.

A kind of laissez-faire liberalism related to the eighteenth-century philosophy in which he steeped himself made him blind to the meaning of the labor movement. He was an almost purely political thinker; post-war economic issues meant little to him, and the new psychology less. He saw issues in black and white as right or wrong. In the war the Germans were all black; he swallowed the Potsdam myths. But the old-fashioned American streak in him made him staunch for free speech throughout and a crusader against propaganda when the war was done. He stood the test of defending free speech where he hated it: "The rule that applies to the Sinn Fein Irish, the Socialists, and the I. W. W.", he wrote in August, 1917, "applies to the militant suffragists and all the other assistant Germans who are trying to bedevil the Government of the United States when all its energies are needed for the prosecution of a great war. . . . The least dangerous thing that the most disloyal American can do is to talk or scribble. . . . The free play of public opinion can be trusted in war as well as in peace, and it is well to trust it." With his readiness for freedom of speech and of discussion went a confidence in it as a solvent of ills. Set public opinion free, he felt, and all would be well. He seemed to believe that public opinion could be set free by an act of will, as a moral principle. He did not appreciate the rarity of his position under Joseph and Ralph Pulitzer, the independent owners of the *World*. Increasingly, newspapers are businesses and editors hirelings. Inevitably and unconsciously newspapers become class and mass organs, stifling minorities; and only organized minorities can safeguard freedom.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

The Genealogy of a Genre

The Short Story's Mutations. By Frances Newman. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.50.

THE legislature, the mob, and the fundamentalists of Georgia have conspired to make the name of their commonwealth a synonym for unenlightenment and reactionary violence, so that Heywood Broun, recently listing the things he instinctively hates, set Georgia high on his list. There must, however, be in that State something of a civilized minority, or certain Georgians would not have written the books which they have lately published. W. E. Woodward cannot be too confidently ascribed to Georgia, though he began his career as a writer there, and he has indeed just left the United States for an indefinite stay in Europe; moreover, Laurence Stallings and Walter F. White, while born in Georgia, live in New York. But Julia Collier and Julian Harris have successfully ridiculed the Ku Klux Klan in Columbus, John D. Wade keeps his head in the University at

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Athens, and Frances Newman flourishes as librarian and journalist in Atlanta. Possibly more significant still is the story of that modest young Atlantan who not long ago told a Manhattan editor that he had been led by reading Sherwood Anderson's "Story-Teller's Story" to give up an uncongenial business and to vow that he would do something more creative or else be a vagabond. The imbecilities of the anti-evolutionists may yet sting the educated Georgians into action. Where there is difference of opinion, there is always hope.

Miss Newman's book, of course, does not concern itself in any sense with Georgia, but it proves that an inhabitant of the city which shelters the Imperial Wizard can do a thing so unrepresentative of the Georgia majority as to trace the line of the short story, with erudition and intelligence, from Petronius to Paul Morand. "The Short Story's Mutations" is a remarkable anthology, and more. Besides reprinting sixteen stories, from Petronius, the *fabliaux*, the "Gesta Romanorum," Boccaccio, Voltaire, Hans Christian Andersen, Musset, Mérimée, Maupassant, Laforgue, Henry James, Chekhov, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and Paul Morand, Miss Newman furnishes a commentary which sets a new standard for the American anthologist. What she has done, in brief, is to genealogize her own preferences. Leaving to more orthodox authorities the task of general history, she has traced the line of descent of the type among short stories which she herself prefers. That there are other types she knows well enough, for she is widely and discriminatingly read. But she makes no pretense of abstract justice to types outside her favorite line. She works, that is to say, not so much with a critical as with a creative mind, seizing upon those qualities which, it may be guessed, she herself would like her own stories to have, and viewing the successes of rival practitioners of the art with the magnanimity, as Mr. Cabell says, of a teased cobra.

The reference to Mr. Cabell serves to introduce a comparison of "The Short Story's Mutations" with "Straws and Prayer-Books." The method of the two treatises in much the same, except that whereas Mr. Cabell varies his discourse with illustrative stories which he himself has written, Miss Newman varies the stream of hers with stories which have been written by the masters whom she approves. Of their art she says many shrewd and pertinent things, but, like Mr. Cabell, she says less about their artistic processes, strictly considered, than about the intellectual attitudes which they take toward the life which furnishes them with materials. Thus she does not deal merely with substances which have come to her second hand; she strikes through the art to the artist, and through him to his directing intelligence and to the objects of his contemplation. This is not the simplest form of criticism, nor is it perhaps at all points the justest. But it is in the long run the best.

CARL VAN DOREN

"The Land of the Fathers"

The Land of the Fathers. By Sergey Gussiev-Orenburgsky. The Dial Press. $2.50.

TRANSLATIONS from the Russian nowadays should be dated. This novel of Gussiev-Orenburgsky's was written on the eve of the 1905 revolution. But to the vaguely informed the announcement on the gay orange jacket—"depicts a Russia strange to foreigners brought up on Tolstoi and Turgenev"—suggests an interpretation of the Russia after the deluge. Add Gorki to Tolstoi and Turgenev, and foreign readers will find nothing strange about this Russia of the opening century. The characters address their familiar and unanswerable questions to life: Why do we live? What, then, shall we do? The young proclaim that their liberated spirits have broken out of the cage of their fathers' prejudices—as they have proclaimed in each decade of Russian fiction. And the workmen rattle their chains, lift solemnly exalted faces toward the sunrise, and sing the songs of the future. These themes come like touching and beautiful echoes across the gulf of the Great War and the Revolution. It may be that they are being played now in Russia, but with the variations that would make all the difference of novel suggestion. New cages for old, perhaps, but with the illusion of freedom brightening the new.

The voracious capitalist oppressors in this book, the downtrodden peasants, the village revolt, the strike in the factory, the secret meetings, the eloquent speeches, the arrests, the riot—and the riot is a stirring bit of narrative—recall the striking display of posters last year at the Moscow Agricultural Exhibition, in the building called Lenin's Corner. Posters in vivid blacks and reds, crude, effective—and yet curiously unreal, like all propaganda viewed in retrospect. Moving in and out among the posters in this novel is the quite solid and fully realized figure of the robust priest, Father Ivan, who learns to fear neither thinking nor loving, and therefore comes to see that he must unfrock himself. In his church there is no place for the free man who seeks to serve a free God—and, the flippant may add, to take his neighbor's wife. Father Ivan battles vigorously with his difficulties, material and spiritual, and emerges at last on the heights, whence he sees humanity in the plains below, tormenting and being tormented meaninglessly; sees the injustice of it all, and feels that "he must hearten them with something strong and dominating, something which would echo like the sound of a bell in their hearts. What was it? He did not know yet . . . he did not know what it was . . . but he would learn!" One would be more hopeful of his learning if one understood him more intimately; if, in short, the author had not relied so much on propaganda posters to explain his priest's progress.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Benjamin Constant

Benjamin Constant. By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

ONE of the most inexplicable things about Napoleon is that though he had no friends, though nobody who came in contact with him ever learned to love him, thousands of men followed him blindly. The most difficult myth to explain away is the Napoleonic legend. Even Professor Guérard, whose recent fascinating reflections on that subject have left admirers of Napoleon gasping with indignation, has not seriously challenged Napoleon's hold on the imagination. One of the earliest victims of the legend was Benjamin Constant. After he had followed Madame de Staël into exile, after he had been swept back into Paris in the train of Louis XVIII, after he had declared when the news of the return from Elba arrived that he would never play the part of a miserable renegade, the inevitable capitulation followed. Constant was invited to present himself at the Tuileries and he came away "hypnotized, astonished, convinced."

For the rest of his life Benjamin Constant dragged after him the charge of apostasy. "Go hang yourself, Talleyrand!" he remarked cynically, "we have been playing traitor and you weren't in it." If he was a traitor it must be admitted that he was in good company. Ney, who boasted that he would bring back Napoleon in a cage, had succumbed to the Emperor's personality without firing a shot. The bravest of the brave, the man who had fought five hundred battles for France and never drawn his sword against her, was executed for treason, while Constant lived to guide his countrymen into the path of liberal government.

In spite of the pose of cynicism, which, like most cynics, he adopted to hide his real emotions, Benjamin Constant did not give his services to the Emperor with any thought of personal advantage. Being susceptible to flattery he was an easy victim for Napoleon, but he yielded from the highest motives. He believed, and there is no possibility of proving him to have been wrong, that Bonaparte would be compelled to restore the

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liberties of France. No man was more enamored of liberty than Constant. Throughout his life he never swerved from the support of religious toleration, freedom of the press, and constitutional government. His speeches and pamphlets on these subjects were in everybody's hands, so much so that he came to be known as the first publicist in Europe. Even today his famous pamphlet "De l'Esprit de Conquête" is curiously alive and applicable to the needs of the twentieth century. It was reprinted in 1918 with an introduction by Albert Thomas, not as a literary curio but as a contribution to the problems of peace. "In modern times," says Constant, "a victorious war costs infinitely more than it can bring into the treasury." What a pity that that little pamphlet could not have been included in the prescribed reading for Junkerdom along with the ponderous tomes of Treitschke!

Unfortunately the character of Constant was not up to the level of his intellectual attainments. Something was lacking which might have given him the popularity or at least the respect that he craved. Béranger had it, a man not nearly so gifted as Constant, and because of it he went to prison and became the idol of France. We may call it the capacity to suffer for a conviction. No one can read Constant's autobiographical novel, "Adolphe," without realizing that the author had suffered; but the luxury of grief depicted in Adolphe was not exactly the experience calculated to temper a weak character. "Adolphe" is one of those curious novels, like Chateaubriand's "René," in which the author analyzes the memory of his emotions long after he has ceased to feel them. Character and environment count for nothing; the only source of interest is the pageant of a bleeding heart. We are not quarreling with the genre, but it is almost incredibly out of date. It is strange that Constant the novelist should be so infinitely removed from our tastes and sympathies when his pamphlets, usually the most ephemeral things in literature, still command our attention.

Miss Schermerhorn complains that Benjamin Constant has been unlucky in his biographers and that Sainte-Beuve in particular has damned him with faint praise. If this be so, justice has at length been done to him. Miss Schermerhorn has followed the sinuous path of his career, his love affairs with Madame de Staël, his philanderings with Madame Récamier, his achievements as an author and a statesman, without once intruding herself upon the reader's attention. Her method of biography is not as ambitious nor perhaps as creative as that of Guedalla or Lytton Strachey, but perhaps for that very reason the picture gains in intensity. It is a fascinating story that up till now had never been adequately told.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

Books in Brief

Mobilizing for Peace. Edited by Frederick Lynch. Fleming J. Revell Company. $2.

This is a series of addresses by a number of prominent churchmen who, a few years ago, were mobilized during the war to make the world safe for democracy—not in the trenches but on the platform—and who now profess an admirable interest in peace. Outside of the usual peacetime generalities of clergymen they have little to say about the problems of peace except that most of them profess the very comfortable gospel of the League of Nations. As an exposition of Christian pacifism we prefer the works of a certain unpopular minority of students at Northwestern University to the amiable platitudes of these gentlemen, who were, temporarily, so much more successful in making the last war holy than they yet have been in tackling the problem of a just and lasting peace.

Bushrangers. By Charles J. Finger. McBride. $3.

Mr. Finger has traveled enough in strange lands himself to have a taste for the adventurous life everywhere. In these tales of Australia before it became too civilized and tamely dull there are reckless and daring men, men able to endure incredible hardship and pain, men urged to become outlaws by a thirst for excitement and the monotony of London poverty, and men betrayed at last by their own bravado or stupidity or by mistaken kindness to a fellow-sufferer. Like the heroes of "Highwaymen," these gentlemen nearly all end their careers on the gallows or in the convict colony, yet it is certain that if they had been more respectable they could not have been more gay or dashing, and they would have furnished considerably less entertainment. Stormy Petrel Popjoy, the brave lad who almost broke up the coronation of His Majesty King George IV out of pure love for a joke, and who as a result spent his life in exile and rebellion until pardoned for as gallant a deed as heart could wish, is fit to stand beside certain epic heroes. Unfortunately, his Odyssey ended in disaster, but it and the tales of his companions in Mr. Finger's latest thriller from life are worth a dozen books of fictitious adventure.

My Brother's Face. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Dutton. $2.

This book presents both ancient India, with all its color and beauty and its doctrine of renunciation, of being, not doing, and India as it is being changed by contact with the West. The smoke of factories mingles on the shore of the sacred Ganges with the funeral pyres of the dead; the old, old streets of Calcutta have been widened to admit automobiles; the gold or purple or green sari which wrapped Indian women in dignity and grace is giving way to a dark skirt and a white blouse. Dhan Gopal Mukerji, after twelve years of living in the midst of Western civilization, is shocked to see the changes in his native country; he is disturbed by the possibility of conflict between the East and the West; when he takes his problem to a holy man in Benares he is told that external conflicts do not matter if there is inner peace. Therein lies an even more perplexing dilemma for India: she may attain inner peace at the price of stagnation and exploitation by the West; or she may become industrialized and, fighting the West with its own weapons, lose her own integrity. Mukerji does not know the answer to this problem; nobody knows it at present, although it may be that Gandhi, that man "in whose eyes shines the peace of Allah," with his boycott of foreign goods and his doctrine of non-resistance may be nearer a solution than anyone.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter

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Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Puccini and Fauré

By PITTS SANBORN

IN the month of November died two composers who count—Gabriel Fauré in France and Giacomo Puccini in Italy. Fauré has interested an audience of comparatively few; the appeal of Puccini has been well-nigh world wide. And yet these two musicians of different nationality and artistic heritage were not so remote one from the other as a hasty observer might suppose. Puccini unquestionably owes his enormous popularity in all lands where occidental music prevails to his gift for provoking that primary purging of the emotions which is the shedding of tears. Fauré, too, can speak to the heart—witness his exquisite song "Les Berceaux"—but often he seems to address the intellect only. Neither man had the abounding native inspiration which makes the achievement of a Mozart or a Schubert (dead the one at thirty-five, the other at thirty-one) so impressive in its sheer ease and volume. Each was in his way a fastidious workman; each made haste slowly (even Puccini with the relentless whip of popularity urging him on); each cultivated his garden with an assiduous care; and, dying respectively in their sixty-sixth and eightieth years, each has left the world an important musical contribution.

The fame of Puccini suffers undeniably from a kind of paradox that dogs the footsteps of success. Were he less widely popular today his repute would be higher. Weber, Verdi, Wagner himself have tasted that contradictory cup. "Oh, Puccini . . . !" exclaim pretended addicts of Schönberg and Stravinsky, as if all of contumely were in the two words. Yet even Stravinsky will never be caviare again. Already he is welcome at many a bourgeois hearthside; tomorrow he will everywhere be sipping the tea of respectability, as secure in his comfort as Ibsen or Hardy. The fact that bootblacks and barbers stand three hours enthralled by a Puccini opera and lustily shout their joy of it is absolutely no reason why anybody else who avows his liking for Puccini should forthwith be set down as unbelievably naive, shockingly unsophisticated, stricken with bad taste beyond all hope of recovery or redemption.

The fact is, in "La Bohème" Puccini has created, as human products go, a perfect work. The life of young and struggling artists, their poverty, their hunger, their comradeship, their out-at-elbow joys and sorrows, was enshrined by Murger in his celebrated idyl of brick and mortar, "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème." Puccini was the man designed by God to make of it an opera. I would not dream of maintaining that his "Bohème" is so consummate a performance as "Die Meistersinger" or even as "Pelléas et Mélisande" (though here doubt enters), but it does preserve in music of intimate eloquence one phase—and not an unimportant one—of our manifold human experience.

Take the airs of Rodolfo and of Mimi in the first act. Was the shy avowal of amorous youth in that separate heaven which is an unheated garret ever so beautifully, so tenderly expressed as by this music which begins timidly and tentatively, gathers courage, swells to passionate disclosure, and then recedes, abashed and frightened at what it dared to say? And the act before the Café Momus, with its holiday hurly-burly amid gusts of snow, the lyric measures of the happy lovers, Musetta's challenging waltz shot through with latent fever, the irruption of the street band, the quick curtain; that act is a brief masterpiece. In the combination of disparate elements it is in its lesser way comparable with the first and second acts of "Die Meistersinger."

The individual quality of Puccini's melody (so unmistakable that it comes natural to use the singular in speaking of the melodic element in Puccini's work) finds its perfect mating in the subject of "La Bohème." To be sure, Puccini's melody first asserts its idiosyncrasy in "Manon Lescaut," an opera whose best pages are of a delightful spontaneity and freshness. But "Manon Lescaut" has always to contend against the captivating "Manon" of the Frenchman Massenet. "Madama Butterfly," owing its vogue to an effective libretto, is musically an adroit rehandling of earlier material, plus a generous dash of Japanese flavoring. What followed—"La Fanciulla del West," "Le Rondine," the triptych of one-act operas—could not, despite Puccini's abiding sense of the theater, last long. To the eye, "Gianni Schicchi" is a diverting enough farce of medieval Florence because it acts well. But Puccini's muse, like the earlier Bellini's, is a muse of sadness and tears; her laughter even is sorrowful. The liveliness of "Gianni Schicchi" is as desolate as a beribboned skeleton, and for its music, consciously or not, the composer turned in his extremity to Chaminade and Charles K. Harris.

Purposely I have not so far spoken of "Tosca." That opera stands apart from the rest of Puccini's work. It is both "grand" opera and hot, swift, lyric melodrama. And one indisputable distinction it possesses: it is the most successful piece of Sardoudling ever achieved in music. The trail of Meyerbeer is over some of it, and Puccini knew his "Boris" before Moussorgsky's masterpiece was even suspected by the audiences of western Europe. But Puccini is there too, a Puccini that does not care how hard he punches. "Tosca" is an opera of uneven merit; for raw brutality certain scenes have not been matched; but there is no gap in its effect as theater. Both in the primary matter and in the treatment, however, "Tosca" is outside the current that flows, now in a broader, now in a narrower stream, from the melodic reservoir tapped first for "Manon Lescaut" down through "La Bohème," "Madama Butterfly," and "La Fanciulla del West" to "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi" (it is too early yet to speak of "Turandot"). It is a curious fact that though "Tosca" captured the public from the beginning, Puccini never returned to the trail that it had profitably blazed.

"Tosca" in 1900 really ends Puccini's period of creation. And Puccini, in his turn, ends an epoch. He stands fifth and last in the big line of Italian composers of the nineteenth century. He took over the domination of the Italian lyric stage when Verdi left it, as Verdi had succeeded to the place of Donizetti and Donizetti to Bellini and Rossini. Deriving from Verdi only in the slightest degree, Puccini casts his roots rather into that emotional stratum of which Ponchielli and Boito were major and Catalani, Leoncavallo, and Mascagni minor manifestations. The impress of Wagner is, of course, patent. The curious, moreover, may trace the influence of Moussorgsky, of Debussy, and perhaps of other outlanders. Today Italian music is in the hands of a vastly different group. The future looks to Pizzetti, Malipiero, Zandonai, Casella, and their colleagues and disciples. But in that future the real fame of Puccini will undoubtedly increase, as the inflated currency of his operas shrinks to a healthy parity.

Fauré had not within him the seeds of popular appeal, and in some ways luck was against him. His penetrating, delicate, scrupulously wrought songs—of which "Les Roses d'Ispahan" is an ideal specimen—have been neglected by singers in favor of more obvious, more striking, more extravagant compositions. His fine incidental music for "Pelléas et Mélisande," the play, is all but forgotten in the fame of Debussy's opera. Musicians praise the fabric of his chamber music, but some folk dare to find it dry. His real importance as an innovator is obscured by the moderation, the measure, the balance, the refinement of his method. The humorous grotesqueries of Erik Satie, the

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explicit idiom of Debussy, the *élan* and vividness of Ravel caught on where Fauré's intellectual subtleties passed unnoticed.

And yet the young have sat at Fauré's feet and called him master. There are those who declare that he was the greatest musician (a dubious phrase) since Bach—a tribute also paid Saint-Saëns! Most find a world of patience indispensable to hearing through his opera of the patient "Pénélope," despite rare fineness in the workmanship; but a few who cannot be neglected profess to believe it an imperishable masterpiece. There are some who maintain that his sonatas, quartets, and quintets deserve to rank among the chief glories of chamber music. So the fame and fortune of Fauré have often fallen between the two stools of proverb. But at least his work is never meretricious. When the shockers of today are the Mrs. Winslows of tomorrow, time may be trusted to discover its just place.

Meanwhile, three aspects of the Fauré case may not be overlooked. One is the persistence of Fauré's creative activity up to the very end. He was sixty-eight when he gave "Pénélope" to the stage; and a requiem, the songs collectively entitled "L'Horizon chimérique," and a brave array of chamber compositions, including the second piano quintet and a quartet finished just before he died, belong to his last years.

Another is the fact that Fauré is an essential span in that bridge which leads from the great Frenchmen of the eighteenth century to Debussy, Ravel, and the Six themselves. As Wanda Landowska says in her acute review of the "Musiques d'aujourd'hui" of Emile Vuillermoz: "Between this 'astonishing andante, so pathetic and so restrained,' of Fauré and the 'Muse Plantine' of François-le-Grand [Couperin] are there not invisible bonds fine in the extreme?"

And finally Fauré is an important factor in the development of the modern French atmospheric technique.

Drama

Pure Theater

FROM the revival of an ancient Hindu classic, "The Little Clay Cart" (Neighborhood Playhouse), one might expect chiefly the exotic and the quaint. Actually, however, the impressions produced go infinitely deeper than either of these words would indicate, and they suggest reflections not only upon the whole theatrical art but upon civilization itself. Here, if anywhere, the spectator will be able to see a genuine example of that "pure theater" of which theorists talk, and here, too, he will be led to meditate upon that real wisdom of the East which lies not in esoteric doctrine but in a tenderness far deeper and truer than that of the traditional Christianity which has been so thoroughly corrupted by the hard righteousness of Hebraism. Here he will see acting which has abandoned all pretense of literal imitation but which is yet strikingly beautiful and impressive; staging which belongs frankly to the make-believe of children at play but which is nevertheless artistically satisfying; and, in addition, a play wholly artificial yet profoundly moving because it is not realistic but real.

To the producers at the Neighborhood Playhouse must, of course, go the credit for the penetration to see in the bare text the possibilities it held and for the skill necessary to set them forth. They have created upon the stage an adequate suggestion of the serenely curved line of Eastern architecture, and they have found actors capable of the exquisitely artificial intonation and gesture which produce the illusion of something simpler and more satisfactory than life. Yet no possible praise of their work can obscure the fact that the soul of the beauty which they have produced lay dormant in the ancient text. Whoever the author may have been, and whether he lived in the fourth century or the eighth, he was a man good and wise with the goodness and wisdom which come not from the lips or the smoothly flowing pen of the moralist but from the heart. An exquisite sympathy with the fresh beauty of youth and love tempered his serenity, and he was old enough to understand how a light-hearted story of ingenious complication could be made the vehicle of tender humanity and confident goodness. His simplicity was not the simplicity which knows little; it was instead the great and final simplicity which is simple because it can take for granted nearly everything about which others fret and wrangle.

Such a play can be produced only by a civilization which has reached stability; when a civilization has thought its way through all the problems it faces it must come to rest upon something calm and naive like this. Macbeth and Othello, however great and stirring they may be, are barbarous heroes because the passionate tumult of Shakespeare is the tumult produced by the conflict between a newly awakened sensibility and a series of ethical concepts inherited from the savage age. The realistic drama of our own time is the product of a like confusion; but when problems are settled, and when passions are reconciled with the decisions of an intellect, then form alone remains. Given an adequate wisdom, neither the tragedy of "Hamlet" nor the tragedy of "Ghosts" is possible; but the charm of lovers' intrigue and the beauty of generous forgiveness—these form the theme of "The Little Clay Cart"—are eternal, and the function of the artist is merely to realize anew their beauty. Nowhere in our own European past do we find, this side the classics, a work more completely civilized.

Never, it seems to me, has the Neighborhood Playhouse conducted an experiment so successful or so valuable. Miss Kýra Alanova as the courtesan heroine and Miss Paula Truman as her maid are charming, and the whole production is marvelously harmonious. Moreover, the delight which it brings is a delight different in kind from that which the theater ordinarily affords. Poetry has long been banished from the stage, and every recent attempt which has been made to achieve it by means of spoken verse has been at best a qualified success; but here is poetry absolutely genuine and exclusively theatrical. No words can describe it and no picture can convey it; it belongs to the theater alone, because nothing except the spoken word interpreted by the accompaniment of living pictures could call it forth.

The pre-holiday lull falling upon the theater has made it necessary to mention only two other productions. "Badges" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is one of those conventional crook plays in which everybody turns out to be somebody else. It is, however, ingeniously told; and Gregory Kelly, as the youthful graduate of a correspondence school for detectives, who nevertheless makes good, is genuinely amusing. "Artistic Temperament" (Wallack's Theater) is preposterously bad.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DEBATES ⊡ LECTURES

The New School for Social Research
announces the following lecture by
COUNTESS CATHERINE KAROLYI
"Why I am an Exile"
Saturday, December 20, 8.20 P.M.
465 West 23rd Street Admission $1 New York City

OPEN FORUM Sunday, December 21, at 8 P. M.
MEXICO
FRANK TANNENBAUM
CARLETON BEALS
SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, 2 West 64th St., N. Y. C.
The Public is invited

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International Relations Section

New Life in the Law

By FRITHJOF TOKSVIG

DENMARK'S first Labor Government came into power, it will be remembered, not long after Ramsay MacDonald moved into Downing Street. In addition to a Minister of War who is trying to do away with his own office by abolishing the army and navy at one stroke and a Minister of Education who, besides being the first woman Cabinet Minister in the world, is also an administrator of much sagacity and action, it contains a unique figure: a Minister of Justice who has lately concluded a tour to the prisons and penitentiaries of the country for the purpose, so to speak, of making the personal acquaintance of each convict. Though a hard task physically it was not an insurmountable one in a little country of three millions. But it is a task for which ministers of justice have hitherto lacked the mental agility necessary for trying to look at the law from the point of view of the law-breaker. The Danish Ministry of Justice is working at a revision of the penal code, and its head, Mr. Steincke, has shown a delightful directness in finding out what the convict has to say about his crime, his sentence, and his imprisonment—an important contribution to the formation of any penal code. These methods adopted by the Danish minister ought to be of interest to the Department of Justice of the United States and similarly conventional departments in other countries.

Whether or no Mr. Steincke has ever read Thomas De Quincey, it is a fact that he found the murderers to be the most interesting and intelligent category. The death penalty is not applied in Denmark and the psychology of these long-term convicts must surely throw light upon some important effects of the law.

Most of the convicts were "interviewed" in the wardens' offices of the various institutions without witnesses, while the comparatively few who serve their sentences in single cells were visited there—also without witnesses. A humorous touch was Mr. Steincke's meeting with a burglar who broke into his house two or three years ago. The recognition was mutual.

Brought thus face to face with the highest legal authority the majority of the convicts had remarkably few complaints, though there were, of course, requests of various kinds. The actual complaints were three in number: having been innocently condemned "this time," having received too severe a sentence in relation to the crime, and having been convicted because of remaining silent during the hearings. The latter is an interesting illustration of that "what I might have said" feeling which all of us have experienced.

This investigation, said Mr. Steincke to the press, was actuated neither by sentimentality nor mere humanitarianism, but only by a desire for that complete understanding of conditions which it is a legislator's duty to try to achieve. He believes that the penal code and the prison arrangements are of far less importance than people generally think, and that the general view of crime and the criminal would undergo a considerable change and many brutal and stupid assertions would be avoided if these human fates were met face to face.

Danish Disarmament

THE Danish Government bill for the abolition of the army and navy and the disarmament of fortifications is still before the Rigsdag. Its drastic proposals have excited violent opposition from the conservative parties within the country as well as from foreign governments. The important sections of the bill, together with "remarks" contained in the government paper giving the official text, are printed below:

Disarmament

1. Compulsory military service as per the law of June 8, 1912, is abolished, the military and naval conscription rolls become null and void, and the personnel thereon is crossed off. The Conscription Department, the Army and Navy, and the Ministries of War and Marine are abolished.

2. All fortifications are to be disarmed and razed. The material, buildings, and sites released from the army and navy are to be transferred for other public use or offered for sale.

3. The work of the general staff's topographical department and of the sea-chart department is to be continued. The army's and the navy yard's factories, workshops, laboratories, and the like are to be transferred for civil use under the state.

4. A watch corps shall be established and equipped to aid, in certain situations, the frontier gendarmerie, the customs service, and the police in guarding the frontier and coasts and in maintaining law and order.

A necessary number of ships, etc., shall be equipped and armed for fisheries inspection and charting, for the patrolling of Danish waters, and to safeguard the interests of Danish citizens in Danish sea-territory; more detailed decisions regarding this to be fixed by law.

5. Private corps, which are trained or organized for military activity, may not be established or exist. The volunteer corps now existing shall be disbanded within three months after this law goes into effect. Their weapons become the property of the state. Rifle associations which train their members in target practice are permitted when they are not organized as military corps, do not supply their members with firearms outside of practice, and do not hold military exercises.

Details regarding the manufacture and sale of firearms and ammunition shall be further fixed by law.

Remarks on the Bill

The bill corresponds in all essentials to the bill for a disarmament law put forward in 1922 by the Social-Democratic members of the Folketings army law committee.

The contention then made that Denmark as a member of the League of Nations has no obligation to maintain a military apparatus for use in war has since been strengthened still more.

When the World War broke out in 1914 it was seen that the Military Arrangement of 1909 failed completely. The main point of this arrangement was that Copenhagen should be safeguarded against having to surrender under the threat of bombardment. But when the highest authorities of the army and navy were asked in 1914, they declared that from the seaward side it was impossible to prevent a bombardment of Copenhagen to its very center and a defense from the landward side could only be of very short duration.

After the end of the World War, therefore, all quarters were agreed that in view of the experience we had gained the Military Arrangement of 1909 could not be maintained and in accordance with a law of February 12, 1919, there was appointed a Commission for Investigation and Consideration of the Future Arrangement of the Army and Navy. One of the tasks of this commission was "to draw up a collective plan for the future arrangement of the army and navy in which particular

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consideration must be taken to insure that the arrangement be compatible with Denmark's position in relation to other countries."

The commission submitted its report in the financial year 1922 and immediately thereafter the Government put forward a bill for a new defense act. In August of the same year the Government passed the laws for the arrangement of the army and navy now in effect.

In the new arrangement the direct defense of Copenhagen, the main feature of the Arrangement of 1909, was completely abandoned, and instead, as far as the army was concerned, the main emphasis was laid on the defense of Jutland.

But also in this respect is it certain that the army and navy created by the laws of 1922 will be completely unable to carry out the task intrusted to them. And this has also been fully affirmed by the statements of military experts since the laws were passed.

By adopting the present disarmament bill and the bills for the establishment of a watch corps and a state marine, Denmark will be in a position to fulfil her obligations and an arrangement will be created which will not only mean considerable economies but will also give greater security than the military arrangement of 1922.

Russia Answers Britain

THE Russian replies to the recent British notes repudiating the treaties negotiated by the MacDonald Government and discussing the Zinoviev letter have been published in the *Manchester Guardian* for November 29. The first on the subject of the treaties is addressed to the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:

November 28, 1924

SIR: I received, and acquainted my Government with, your note of November 21 in which the British Government notifies its refusal to advise the ratification of the general and commercial treaties of August 8 signed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the British Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The Soviet Government expresses its regret at the rejection of these treaties, the conclusion of which constituted an important step toward securing general peace, and in particular toward the strengthening of friendly relations between the peoples of Great Britain and of the Soviet Republics.

I am directed by my Government to state that on its part it has displayed the maximum of good-will and of concessions in connection with the working out of a basis of agreement on questions of particular interest to the British Government, to the working class, and to other sections of the British population. Therefore my Government cannot take any of the responsibility for the feeling of discontent which the decision of the British Government will cause in both countries.

I have the honor, etc. C. RAKOVSKY

The Russian reply to the letter on the Zinoviev incident, also addressed to the British Foreign Office, follows:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of November 21 and of Mr. Gregory's letter of the same date, with the contents of which I have acquainted my Government. I am instructed by my Government to recall the following facts:

The alleged letter of Mr. Zinoviev addressed to the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party of Great Britain was the occasion for this correspondence and for Mr. Gregory's note of October 24, handed to me on the evening of the same date, four days prior to the British elections. Immediately upon receipt of the above note I informed Mr. MacDonald in writing of my absolute conviction that the alleged letter from Mr. Zinoviev was a forgery. Further, in a note to Mr. MacDonald on October 27 I stated that after having made careful investigation in Moscow my Government had instructed me to declare categorically that the alleged Zinoviev letter was an absolute forgery.

In view of the very great attention given by British public opinion to this document my Government, in order to remove any doubts whatsoever and in order to establish the unbiased truth, offered to submit the document in question for impartial investigation and arbitration. During several weeks my Government received no reply to its offer. In the meantime many members of the British Government had publicly expressed their doubts as to the genuineness of the alleged document and some of them had even expressed their conviction that it was a forgery.

In view of the doubts existing in the matter the British Government found it necessary, after the election campaign, to appoint an authoritative committee of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to examine the nature and origin of the document. This committee established that neither the Government nor any of the government departments of Great Britain had seen any "original document." This fact was made public on November 4.

These curious circumstances explain why public opinion throughout the world considers the "Zinoviev letter" as an undoubted forgery. This declaration by an authoritative British committee destroyed the grounds upon which were based the accusation made by Mr. Gregory against the Soviet Government in the height of the election campaign, and my Government was inclined to consider the declaration as an actual withdrawal of the accusation. Indeed, the most elementary rules of jurisprudence forbid the making of accusations on the strength of copies of documents which have been neither verified nor certified by anyone and which no one of the accusers has ever seen.

It might be well to add that we understand that the delegation from the British Trade Unions Congress, consisting of Messrs. Purcell, Tillett, Bromley, Findley, Bramley, Turner, and Smith, has, as a result of its investigations in Moscow into the genuineness of the "Zinoviev letter," unanimously came to the conclusion that "the delegation is absolutely convinced that the 'document' is a forgery, that no evidence to the contrary can be produced, and that the refusal of the Russian offer of arbitration can only be explained on that ground."

In view of the above my Government expresses its extreme surprise that the present Government of Great Britain has found it possible completely to ignore the fact established by its predecessor and that after having declined the offer for an investigation of the "document" by an impartial court it makes vague statements unsupported by any evidence that the "document" is genuine. My Government cannot accept such unproved allegations.

My Government considers that it has even more reason for rejecting the unfounded allegations made by the British Government since in the past accusations have repeatedly been made against the Soviet Government based on documents which on closer examination were found to be forged and of which even the origin has been established. My Government considers as established and proved the fact that in a number of cities in Europe and America there exist organizations under the leadership of Rusian counter-revolutionary emigrants and of other suspicious elements engaged especially in the fabricating of forged documents with a view to undermining the international position of the Soviet Union. Quite recently I have submitted to the Foreign Office documental evidence at my disposal proving that on the territory of Great Britain there exist political organizations engaged in the fabrication and distribution of false documents concerning the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

In the name of my Government I express my deep regret that the British Government should base political acts having

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the most serious bearing upon the further relations between the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and Great Britain on unverified documents emanating from doubtful sources, and should thus place the relations between the two governments on a very precarious foundation in that it makes them dependent upon the action of malevolent and sinister persons and political organizations pursuing selfish aims.

My Government considers that the declaration made by the British Cabinet committee on November 4 as to the absence of the document referred to by Mr. Gregory in his note of October 24 fully disproves the accusation made by him. My Government cherishes the belief that the British Government will in future be more circumspect in its accusations and that it will examine more carefully facts on which it bases official communications. If, however, the present Government wishes to ignore the statement made by the Cabinet committee on November 4, and reiterates the accusations based on a forged document, the Soviet Government, on its part, must insist on its offer of arbitration as the sole means to an unbiased settlement of this question. This offer was made in its note of October 27, which unfortunately was "lost" on the change of Government in Great Britain, but the contents of which, according to Mr. Gregory's note, are known to the present British Government. The British Government must be aware that the rejection of this offer of arbitration cannot but be considered by the public opinion of all countries as establishing that it is impossible for the British Government to substantiate and prove the accusations put forward during the election campaign.

Further, my Government regrets that in its note of November 21, the British Government evaded a direct reply on the question of arbitration on the concrete point at issue concerning the "Zinoviev letter," and that it thought fit to pass on to general accusations against the Soviet Government in connection with the activities of the Communist International. As regards these accusations I am instructed by my Government to reiterate the declarations repeatedly made as to the complete political and administrative independence of the Communist International from the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. My Government has never undertaken and cannot undertake to refuse the right of asylum to the Communist International, or to any other working-class organization, still less can it undertake to exercise pressure upon them. My Government considers any further discussion of attacks on international workers' organizations as useless and fruitless, and has requested me to declare that it has loyally carried out, and will in future carry out, on the principle of reciprocity, the obligations which it has undertaken.

Nevinson on Morel

HENRY W. NEVINSON has written a letter to the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, in which he says of the late E. D. Morel:

I knew him first nearly twenty years ago, when I returned from a long journey in Central Africa, where I had been engaged upon a cause similar to that with which his name must always be associated: I mean the cause of delivering native tribes from an atrocious system of slavery and mutilation at the hands of European speculators and exploiters.

He was then in the midst of his struggle against the method of procuring rubber instituted or maintained by Leopold, King of the Belgians, and the rubber companies to which concessions had been granted. Few, I think, can imagine what labor that struggle involved. The poor and unknown clerk had enormous forces of wealth, royal influence, and international diplomacy ranged against him. Whenever I attempted to sound the depths of iniquity gathered to thwart his efforts I felt that I was wallowing about in a dark and bottomless bog, and I believe that no one of our generation has ever undertaken such a labor as his. The very chests that held the documents of the contest, all carefully arranged, would fill a room; and when only a few weeks ago he urged me to undertake his biography it was the memory of those chests and cases that made me refuse at once. For such a biography would be the work of a lifetime, and I have not a lifetime before me now.

Yet he persisted, and against all those odds he won. I shall not forget the occasion (I think in 1913) when we, including many leading people in the press, the church, and Parliament, honored ourselves by giving him a presentation because we all accounted him, as was said at the time, "a great knight-errant of humanity."

Then came the war, and almost at once he realized, like Edith Cavell, that patriotism was not enough. That is a dangerous knowledge to reveal in war time, and bitterly was Morel made to suffer for it. I suppose that throughout the war no one in this country was so madly hated and so shamefully vilified. Even witty and famous writers condescended to fling mud at him, and I only hope the mud will stick to their reputations forever.

Again he persisted, but he was a sensitive man and he felt the injustice deeply. Once when I was at home on short leave from the Dardanelles I happened to meet him in the Strand, and he passed me with a cold nod. I ran after him and asked what was the matter between us, and with tears in his eyes (for he never had the average Englishman's way of suppressing the signs of emotion) he replied: "I did not suppose that anyone would speak to me now!"

But once again time brought its revenges, and he has gone from us at the height of his popularity, his fame, his intellect, and his character. The opposition benches could miss no one more, so great was his knowledge, and his courage equaled it. We can do no more now to please him, but let us at least resolve to silence as far as we may the yapping and snarling of the ill-conditioned creatures who would hound him even in his grave.

Contributors to This Issue

MOLLIE BEST has spent over a year collecting from early records material on the lives of the Quaker leaders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

HENRY W. NEVINSON, English poet, essayist, war correspondent, has written frequently on Imperial affairs.

MARC A. ROSE, formerly of the New York *Sun*, is managing editor of the Buffalo *Evening News*.

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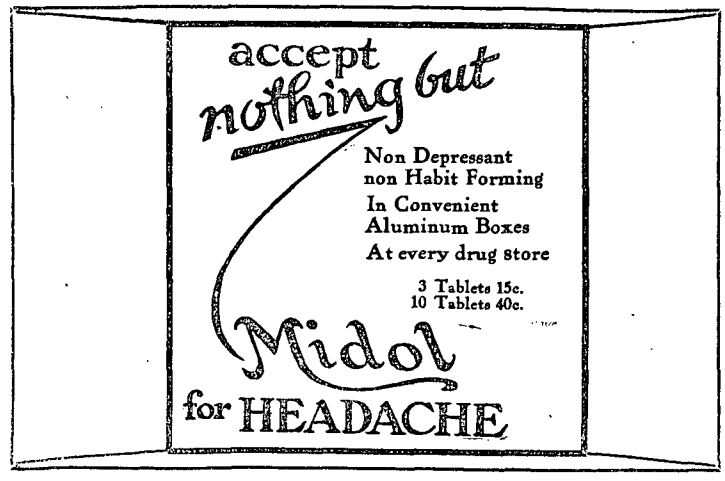

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